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# What Ails the World

## A Message From Out the Silence

BY

Three Sons of Time

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

WRITTEN BY

REV. J. E. MAHAFFEY

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To the Welfare of My Native Land,

HID AWAY from the rest of the world fifty-five hundred years, awaiting an improved seed-corn of humanity fit to plant in God's last, best place, to found and develop His last, best civilization on the face of the whole earth; and to the welfare of the *old world,* whose soil we are now called upon to re-seed with a living faith in Freedom and the Coming Kingdom of Peace on Earth through Christ our Lord and Savior,

This Message is Humbly Dedicated

---

York, S. C., July 4, 1918

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# Read This First

Many of the author's former readers will be surprised at a book like this from him. So is he, also. Nothing like it ever entered his mind until just after midnight on March 2, 1917, when he first felt the *Presence,* with which he seemed to commune as really and truly as if audible; but just how it came is as much a mystery now (fifteen months later), as it was at the first.

It came from out the *Silence* in some way which for clearness and impressiveness surpasses the power of language to describe, yet there is reason to hope that the same favoring *Presence* which gave it such weight of meaning and reality to the writer, may also attend his effort as it unites with that of others who are seriously seeking the certitude of truth, and longing to launch from the narrow limits of the past into the larger possessions of the future.

Do not try to read it amid interruptions. The first stroke of a wireless call at sea is the signal for silence and attention. Some expressions will seem awkward and crude. The writer took some liberty to smooth the phraseology and modernize the style here and there, but a little patience and forbearance will be needed now and then, including a willingness to be led along unusual paths and give respectful attention to the testimony of an eye-witness. It is the meekness and docility of a little child that has the promise of receiving the kingdom of heaven.

*He who flippantly feigns superiority*
*By rejecting the strangely designed,*
*Proclaims himself a latent idiot,*
*Or maimed with a narrow mind;*
*But he, who by the toil of effort*
*Struggles onward for the prize,*
*May gain the envy of the ignorant*
*And the plaudits of the wise.*

# What Ails the World

## CHAPTER I

### The Midnight Visitor

On the night of March 1, 1917, after looking through a pack of letters on my desk, and spending several hours in making reply to the most urgent ones, I dismissed the matters with which I had been engaged, and laid down my pen for a few moments' reflection.

With the exception of the old town clock a block away, everything was unusually still. The clock had just struck twelve, and the lingering tones of the last stroke carried my mind outward and onward in ever-widening circles, until there stood about me a vast picture of the world, which, instead of being a globe as it might be seen from without, appeared to be spherical as if seen from the center within, with equal diameters in all directions.

In almost all directions was the scene of strife, turmoil, and upheaval. Commercial, political, industrial, social, and national strife seemed to whirl in great waves across vast areas and dizzy distances. Added to this came the rattle of clashing swords and the roar of thundering guns, while from mid-ocean screamed the hiss and gurgle of sinking ships laden with food for which thousands were starving.

Darkening clouds of curdling smoke crawled from the crevices of cracked and crumbling kingdoms. Mingled with all this was the whirr of zeppelins poised like humming-birds in mid-air as if trying to sip the nectar from flowering nations, puncture them with their poisonous beaks, and turn their glorious colors into ignominious shame. And I said almost audibly: What is the matter with the world?

The picture gradually faded from view, and suddenly I felt as though someone had entered my room. I was not dreaming, nor was I at all sleepy. I seldom get sleepy while in my study. I soon found I was not mistaken. A visitor had entered without knocking and even without opening the door.

It is impossible to describe the strange commingling of intermitting feelings of awe and wonder through which I passed during these first moments in the presence of a mysterious, invisible personality, such as this seemed to be. Many a time, in the discharge of my pastoral duties, it has been my lot to sit alone in a room with a corpse, both in the day and at night, but never with any disturbance of feelings whatever, and I have sometimes wondered how I might feel or what I might do if the corpse should suddenly speak or turn over in the casket, but the sudden consciousness of this personal, invisible *Presence* in my room could scarcely have been more surprising than if a corpse had revived in its casket.

And yet, I was not at all excited. I felt as though I were in the presence of an old friend, and soon found I was not mistaken. He had visited me many times before this, though I had never spoken to

him nor he to me, because he always seemed to come and go in such indifferent silence, I had never understood that either might speak to the other.

This time he spoke, informing me that he met his brother going out at the door as he came in, and that his brother had showed me a picture which I was expected to study. I replied that I had seen the picture but did not see his brother or anyone else. He assured me that his brother had been there, but his time being up soon after I had finished the letters, his brother had departed, leaving the picture which he would assist me in studying if I so desired. I assured him that I did so desire, and thanked him for his kindly offer. He replied that he was well aware of that fact or he would not have spoken to me at all, but that he wanted me to "feel" myself say so.

This expression impressed me very much, and while I felt that he was an old friend of mine, I had not the remotest idea of who he was, but as inability to call names is no unusual thing with me, I was waiting for some clue which perchance might bring it to mind, and well knowing as he did that this was my infirmity, and not wishing to embarrass me further, he proceeded to tell me his name and genealogy as follows:

"I am one of the Sons of Time. My father's name is Eternity. When the Great Creator made my father, he was alone, even as was your father, Adam, and the Creator saw it was not good for Eternity to be alone, even as it was not good for Adam to be alone. So it came to pass, that as he took a rib from the side of Adam to make him a

companion, even so he took a rib from the side of Eternity to make him a companion, and her name was Time.

"When their first son was born, my mother said he should be called Eternity, even according to the name of his father, for so it seemed that he should be named, but my father said: Blessed art thou, my companion, for the honor thou wouldst pay to thy husband, but this thy son shall be more in need of thy constant care, and because thou shalt ever be closer to him and less engaged with things far away, he shall be named according to the meaning of thine own offspring. His name is Day. And as he came at the coming of light, he shall be called, Sun Day. And so it was decided.

"Their second son they named Moon Day, even according to the beauty of the moon in the gentleness of his goings, and so on, naming each of the sons in their order until the seventh offspring was born, naming each according to his meaning. But for the seventh child, neither my father nor my mother had any name. And it came to pass, that they called upon the Creator, for He had finished all His other work of creation when the seventh child was born. So God, the Creator, drew near unto them and rested from all His labors which He had done, and as He looked upon the seventh child, He said: Blessed and holy art thou above all the Days yet born, because in thee I have found rest from all my labors, and thou art set apart as the day of blessing and rest to all the sons of Time and Eternity, for even thine own brothers shall rest in thee and be together with their mother in thy day; and all the

sons of Adam also, even for them I set thee apart to be a blessing, even rest and comfort. Thy name is *Sabbath,* because thou art the last child, the first and only daughter of thy parents, Time and Eternity; thy name is *Sabbath.*"

After this explanation of who he was, the Son of Time proceeded to explain the picture as follows: "The picture you saw is a map of the face of the earth outside-in, as now operated by the sons of Adam. It was presented to you outside-in, so that you might see it all, even as the Creator and my mother and father, Time and Eternity, always see it, except when my mother hides her face in shame, as she sometimes is wont to do during the eons. Now, all the sons of Time, being six of us, and our sister, Sabbath, the daughter of Time, have to watch upon it all; each son in his turn and our sister in her turn, once a week, and never taking our eyes from it during our watching; and we see it all. Also we hear it all, for thus it is our business to hear and see all that is done by the sons of Adam, and bring the records in to the Archives of our parents, Time and Eternity.

"Our sister, Sabbath, and all of us as to that, but especially our sister, many times comes in almost heartbroken over what she sees and hears in her goings; and grieved she is, not only at what she sees and hears and having to bring the records in, but because she knows, as do we all, the hurt that shall one day befall the sons of Adam for all their evil ways. So, she nearly always comes home weeping from her goings; for she is not as we are. She is holy, patient, and kind, and always ready to go

in her turn, hoping and endeavoring in all her goings to bless and make happy the sons and daughters of Adam, even as the Creator intended.

"In assigning our goings in their order, my mother thought that our sister should have the easiest and most pleasing one, and so thought we all. So, we were glad when the Creator set her apart to go in her watchings over the world when all should be at rest and in good mood, and because of her grace and beauty and the blessings which she carried, it was expected that she would be greeted with happy voices, thankful hearts, and smiling faces all the way along, and that glad multitudes going and coming from holy convocations would respect and adore her because of the rest she brought from their labors and the kindly ministrations so freely bestowed from her bountiful hand" . . . .

Here the Son of Time paused and seemed to turn half away with bowed head and suppressed emotion. Then with a sad look and faltering tone he said: "But such has not been the case. While some are glad and treat her respectfully, others spit on the face of my sister and rend her beautiful garments. True, she knows it will not always be so, and they will all be sorry they have treated her thus. And she is sorry, not so much because of insult and injury heaped thus upon herself, but because of the injury they thus inflict upon themselves by their desecrations, for a now will come when they will look for her and not see her, yea, they shall cry for her and another shall answer."

To all of this with shame and humiliation I had to agree, well knowing that it was true; that even

I myself had not treated her with becoming respect and esteem. I then and there assured him that what he had told me about his sister's goings around the world had impressed me as I had never been impressed before, and that hereafter I wanted to make her visits more pleasant and agreeable to her and thus more profitable to myself. I felt a higher appreciation of her gracious gifts, and surely would try not to burden her with unpleasant things to report and deposit in the Archives.

By this time I was beginning to feel more at ease in the Presence of my strange visitor, and I observed that this seemed to afford him no little pleasure, for said he: "We have a long while sought to cultivate a closer fellowship with all the sons of Adam, but in our goings from week to week, we always find them so occupied with other things, they seldom seem to notice except to see our number, for our goings are by number in their order, as well as by name, and many look more to see our number, even counting us up to 31, regardless of our names."

Then with some show of regret and a half-accusing tone, he continued: "I have many times been disappointed on entering your study, where I nearly always find you even at midnight, and have waited when I saw you grappling long with questions deep and hard to understand, and by all the means allowed, according to the rules of my mother, I have tried to signal you to ask of me, that you might information gain and be content with knowing. For, among other things, it is our business to keep the records which are stored in the Archives of our father, even things new and things old, some of

which things have been much in dispute among the sons of Adam during the eons. For, when our father and mother laid down the rules of prudence by which we are governed in our goings, concerning the purpose of things gathered for the Archives, good liberty was granted each to render all necessary assistance to the sons and daughters of Adam who might receive the same at our hands. It has long been a source of deep regret to us, and a disappointment ofttimes confessed when we are together at the Archives, as six of us always are, save once upon a time, that so few seem willing to receive our help. For it has always been the purpose of our Creator, and our own chief desire as well, that we might help all and hinder none."

Few can even faintly imagine the feeling of gratitude I experienced from these kindly assurances, for certain it was that whatever calamity might befall the sons of Adam at any time, it was from no fault of these faithful and devoted guardians. I was thus brought into a closer touch of sympathy and love for this my now better-known mysterious friend and all his family, and by all these assurances of kindly interest and evident ability to help, I had been led up to the very climax of confidence and gracious opportunity. His recital of the order of the days and their watching over the world had already reminded me of questions I had pondered many a time. One of these, especially, had given me no little concern, because I regarded it as being one of great concern to the world, and I was just wondering if I might ask about it, and whether he

might be disposed to give me any light on that subject.

Strange to say, at the very moment I was feeling sure he would know I was not prompted by any selfish motive in deciding to ask, and even before I had uttered a word about it, he turned eagerly toward me and said: "What is your question?" And though a little startled by such quick anticipation, I instantly replied: "It is the Sabbath question."

In a moment he was all aglow with great beams of satisfaction, and I was starting on to state the point of my difficulty, but raising his hand in a way that closed my lips, he said: "Ah, that is my sister. She is Time's last child and first daughter. She is the only daughter of Time, and the only sister of all the Days. There is none like unto her in all the family of Time and Eternity, and so shall she be forever. For she hath been blessed and sanctified by the Creator, even when Time and Eternity called upon Him to give her name; for they had no name for her; therefore the Creator gave her name and purpose, and there shall be no change of her name and her purpose. They were ordained of God and shall abide forever."

Then raising his hand as if wishing not to be interrupted, he continued: "We reverence and adore her, not only because she is our only sister, but because of her kindly disposition and generous benefactions. For, it was by the word of the Creator, who blessed and set her apart at the first, and who Himself in her found rest from all His labors, that she became the living breath of good-

ness, bounty, benevolence, and rest. . . . Son of Adam, with all your show of attention and interest, it grieves me to see that you do not understand what I said."

I must confess that this unexpected jolt was a considerable shock to the loose-lying particles of consciousness—just such as I needed, and one that I did not soon forget, and seeing that it had the desired effect, he proceeded: "I said that by the act of the Creator, our sister, *Sabbath, became the living breath of goodness, bounty, benevolence, and rest.* My Son, do you understand this? What a man's breath is to his body, Sabbath is to each of these. If the breath be not kept, then the body will perish away. So also, if the Sabbath be not kept, then goodness, bounty, benevolence, and rest will perish away. That is why I said a now gone, that it grieves our mother and father, as well as all the Days, to know that our sister is not well received, nor respected, nor esteemed by the sons of Adam, when she goes among them with her blessings.

"Not only so, My Son, but even in your later age, we are also grieved that some well-disposed people do not know either our sister or her name, nor when she went, nor when she came; whether yesterday or the day before. Some hold that she comes on the seventh day of the week; others that she comes on the first, and so there is bad confusion—all of which hinders her in the purpose of her goings. Nor is it any fault of our sister, or her mother and father, or any of the Days, that this blindness has come to the sons of men. It was because of their desecrations of my sister and her blessings, and for

this reason, I am glad you have asked me about it; that henceforth, if you shall faithful prove, the world need have no further doubt of who she is and when she goes, for she is my sister.

"There has never been change in her name, for the Creator named her for our parents, even for Time and Eternity. Therefore, Sabbath is her name forever. And there has never been change in the time of her going, even according to the great clock of her mother, which our father, Eternity, gave to our mother when she became his companion; and there is no variation in the time of her going, according to the records of the Archives. That is to say, she has always started her watching over the world precisely on the first moment after 144 hours from her ending. But there has been change in the time of her ending; and neither Time nor Eternity, nor any of the sons will ever forget the eve that our sister, Sabbath, failed to reach the Archives. I am glad to tell you how it was."

The Son of Time then proceeded to relate the most wonderful story I ever heard, unfolding a mystery which, so far as I know, has never been solved by all the wisdom of the world. I shall honestly try to give it to my readers just as it came to me from out the Silence, and leave it to be accepted or rejected, just as other things are, in the exercise of that power and liberty for which we must all give an account at the judgment. As nearly as I can reproduce it, the story which he told was as follows:

"When our parents assigned the goings of their children to watch over the world, their goings were

to begin and end according to the great clock which my father gave our mother when she became his companion, and it was my mother who should watch the clock, if our father was engaged, as he sometimes might be, in the Dark and Silent Sphere, which was located in the center of the Archives. And, as I said, our sister being the youngest child, and being otherways best qualified for that going, because the Creator had blessed and sanctified her for that purpose; therefore it fell to her lot to go in the seventh day of the week, even after all her brothers had gone and returned; for she was designed to be the best of all the days for the good of the sons of Adam in all the world.

"In this we all agreed, and continued in our goings during the eons, each son in his turn and our sister in her turn, according to the clock. And there was no variation in the time of the goings, namely, one always started from the line at the Archives when the clock struck twenty-four, which was one stroke, meaning ten according to its sound, another stroke of the same sound, and then four strokes, making twenty-four.

"My father had ordered that each in his turn be ready and prepared to go, even standing at the line in front of the Archives; and the instant we could touch the hand of yesterday, today must turn and go; for, at the touch of our hands, tomorrow became today and today became yesterday. So it came to pass on such a day, as I was on my goings, that my sister, who always followed me, prepared herself to go; for my name is Friday; and as I was returning from my going, I saw my sister standing ready at

the line. She was ready and waiting to go at the touch of my hand to her hand, as she had always been during the eons. But as I looked, for it was not yet dark according to the diurnal, but it was the time according to the clock, I saw that Eternity was holding my sister by the left hand and his face was shrouded with gloom. As I touched her right hand, he loosed her left hand and said:

"Go, My Daughter; and God be
With you till you come again.

"And she instantly departed on her goings."

As Friday uttered these words, he seemed completely overcome with emotion, and half turning away, he wept like a sorrowing son of Adam. Tears filled my own eyes when I saw he felt what he could not express in words, and I felt it, though not expressed. It was some moments before he spoke, but recovering somewhat, he resumed:

"I had never heard in Eternity's voice such trembling tones of trepidation, nor seen upon my father's face such signs of quaking fear. My mother also was weeping, and so were all the sons of Time. My mother and the five sons were weeping because they saw our father weeping, but none but he knew why he wept; for he had just appeared from out the Dark and Silent Sphere to encourage our sister for her going, although he told her naught of what his trouble was, because even he himself was not permitted then to know.

"After pausing a moment because of this unusual commotion, I hurried to place the records in my section of the Archives, and hanging the recorder in

his place, as was our custom after our goings, I returned to the front porch where my father was still standing and looking out into the deepening darkness in the direction our sister had gone. As I advanced toward him, he turned from his looking after my sister and said: My Son, did you observe anything very unusual in your goings yesterday? For, though I had just come in, even then that was yesterday.

"I replied that I had seen nothing very unusual, except in the vicinity of Gibeon, the great city recently united with Israel by strategy, according to our records. Five kingdoms had combined with each other and were on the way to force the Gibeonites to break off from Israel. The Gibeonites hearing of this, had sent for Joshua to make haste with his men of war and save them. Joshua with his army was on the way in the last part of my record, but later than that, I knew not what was transpiring, but that my sister would bring the further records when she returned.

"Upon the mention of my sister, I again observed that my father was greatly disturbed, and after a few moments, he said: Our Creator notified me just before you came in that something very unusual would happen to your sister on her goings today, but He assured me it would all turn out for good, but that we must be patient, wait and trust. Further than that, our Creator did not say, and while it has always been our custom to trust in our Creator, I can not help wondering what is to befall my daughter. And so saying, Eternity walked slowly away, weeping as he was going, and entered

at his door of the Archives, where I suppose he entered the Dark and Silent Sphere, to consult the records which I had brought in."

Then reaching out his right hand, in which lay something resembling a thin-cased watch, with crystals on both sides, Friday explained as follows: "Our way of keeping the records is neither cumbersome nor uncertain. The recorder has two dials, one of which is to take the records and the other to keep the time, even according to the clock of our mother in the Archives. And there is no variation in the time; for neither the clock of Time nor any of the dials of the Days shall ever stop or vary until Time shall be no more, even when she shall return back into the side of Eternity whence she came.

"Now, the blanks for the recorder must always be inserted in their place by the one who is to go, and there are two rules about placing the blanks. First, be sure to have enough. Second, never carry a double portion. The first is self-evident; the second is to prevent one ever saying, There is enough already.

"And this is our way to consult the records after they are placed in the Archives: My father, or one of us with his permission, enters the Dark and Silent Sphere, which is just as its name indicates, a large hollow globe, the door of which closes behind him when he enters, and none can see the crevice, either from without or from within. Then he ascends by a winding stairway to the center of the Sphere, where there are two seats, for perchance our mother wants to go also, or some other, if invited. So, there are two seats, but none can see the seats except when

they are so called for; neither can anyone see the stairway, except when so called for. For he who would rise to the high plane of clear and impartial vision, must not think to ascend by means of physical contrivances. But only as thou shalt set foot upon the stairway, step by step, then shalt thou feel it and not see it. Thou canst not even see thyself nor thy companion who might be with thee, except when so called for; because there must be no obstruction when one goes to consult the records of the Archives.

"But, as I was going on to say, taking the seat at the head of the stairway, one only has to think of what is wanted in any of all the places of any of all the peoples in any of all the minutes of any of all the hours of any of all the days of any of all the ages—and he always knows something of what he wants; for none go there without knowing something of what he wants—touch the key in the arm of the seat, which can be felt but not seen, and there it is, just as it occurred. I say, *'just as it occurred'*, for some things reproduced in the Archives are not just as some thought they were. For, many a time in the hearing, seeing, judgment, and memory of the sons of men, there is obstruction, or refraction of false lights in which things were seen and remembered; but it is not so when seen or heard in the Archives."

By this time the recorder had disappeared from his hand, just how or when I did not notice, for I was so impressed with his description of the workings of the Archives and the secret Silence in which the records were reproduced, that I was wondering to

what extent some of these things might be symbolic of great truths and principles with which I was already in part familiar. For, One of old had said: When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret. Thus the process of the one seemed to resemble that of the other, although for a somewhat different purpose; yet, to accomplish either successfully, one's self must be shut in and the noise of the world shut out. Perhaps the invisible winding stairway was the symbol of advancing faith, ascending step by step.

And now, reminding me that I would have need to keep these things in mind, so that none might longer be in doubt concerning the Sabbath question which I had raised, the Son of Time resumed as follows: "My Son, you should already begin to see that Sabbath possession is the two hinges on which the welfare of nations swing."

Here he halted abruptly as if waiting for this statement to percolate into my brain, and I confess I needed the pause for that purpose. The two hinges of Sabbath possession? That puzzled me for some moments, then like a flash, I caught his meaning. Sabbath was one thing; possession another. For sometimes people really do not possess that which is theirs. He seemed glad to note that I now understood his meaning, which he applied thus: "If Europe had *possessed Sabbath,* the nations would not be as they are, and others who fail to possess her, will soon become as they."

He then gave me to understand that Sabbath *possession* meant, not only the knowledge of

such a day, and some conventional recognition of "it", but also a conscious certitude as to when she came, what she brought, and how her gifts should be received. These things were emphasized as being essential to her real possession; for, said he: "The sons of men had better not know that she is, or comes at all, than to know both, and trample her blessings under their feet." And that reminded me of the man who, having built his cabin over a gold mine, drove the diggers away, and brought up his children in ignorance and poverty.

At this stage of his remarks, the Son of Time seemed to detect in me some sign of fear that he was wandering far afield from the main thread of his story, and a desire that he should hasten to return—a feeling not much unlike the one my reader is now beginning to show—but listen to what he said: "My Son, if you and many others were as anxious to avoid the waste of haste and the mistakes of hurry as you are to finish the hearing of my sister's story, then your nations would not be crumbling to pieces as they are in the now. Many have eyes and ears, but they neither take time to look nor listen, and some are so well filled with other things, they have nowhere to put the little they snatch in passing."

## CHAPTER II

### When the Sun Stood Still

And now, going back to the point where he left off in the narrative concerning the distressed condition his father was in over what might befall his sister in her going, the Son of Time resumed as follows:

"Now it came to pass on this day of my sister's going, that when the clock struck the eighteenth hour of the day, the tone of the last stroke quivered, and this quivering none of us had ever heard in all the eons. But all our lips were closed about it, and none said aught to the other. And none forgot it until the clock struck again, and the tone quivered at the last stroke of each hour; and that which frightened us the more, was that the quiverings of the tone jostled the cornerstone of the Archives, and the face of our mother revealed a fear that the now had come when Time should be no more.

"I noticed also that our father still remained in the Silent Sphere. We had never known him to remain so long, and the family had become uneasy, not so much about him as about the jostlings and quiverings, and the reason for his remaining so long; but it was not our custom to molest him while there.

"It was now nearing the hour, according to our custom when at home, for all to sit together and

discuss the yesterday events of the world; for so it was our custom thus to spend the last hour of the closing day, and all the sons being assembled for that purpose, we wondered all the more that he had not appeared. I now observed also that our mother was not in her place, as always was her custom at the sittings. For we all had our places: the Days sat in the order of their goings; our mother always sat under the clock, while the seat of our father was at the opposite side of the room, facing our mother. For thus it was the rule in our sittings that Eternity might always look into the face of Time, and Time into the face of Eternity.

"But it came to pass, that just as the great hammer lifted to strike the twenty-third hour, according to the spaces on the dial, the door of the Silent Sphere opened, and both Time and Eternity appeared side by side; for Time and Eternity often went thus together. My father went to his seat, and our mother to her seat under the clock, and lifting his eyes to the dial, Eternity listened intently to the remaining three strokes of the clock; for the other two had finished, according to their sound, and the cornerstones of the Archives jostled again while the tones quivered.

"We always waited for our father to begin whatever subject might be of interest to him in our sittings, according to the records, and with few exceptions he had always seized upon the first moment; for you may be well assured that both Time and Eternity, and all the Days as well, are much concerned about what transpires among the sons of

men. But at this sitting my father remained silent, even after taking his eyes from the dial and listening to the last quiverings of the tone. The face of Time rested in her right hand, and her elbow on the arm of her chair, while Eternity sat silent, and the now seemed long to all the Days.

"At last the silence was broken when, turning his face toward the six sons, Eternity said:

*My Noble Sons*:

It may sound strange for you to hear me say,
That grave forebodings I have on this sad day,
Remind me of my lonely, barren past estate,
When nothing I had to do but watch and wait,
When no companion I had in Days and Time—
Just waiting and watching out there at the line
Which divides me half and half, past and future;
And which I fear may some now be my lot again,
If Time should cease and Days nowhere remain.

"And thus saying, Eternity motioned Wednesday to go and look. Our silent suspense made his return seem longer than it was, when he entered, pale-faced with astonishment, and glancing quickly at the clock which then showed eighteen minutes past twenty-three, Wednesday excitedly announced:

" 'The shadow of the diurnal stands at eighteen, precisely where it was when I looked five hours and eighteen minutes ago, when the cornerstones first jostled at the quivering of the tones.'

"On hearing this, Eternity bowed his head in deep emotion; Time also was weeping. Then looking again at his six sons, he said: If it were one of

you, my young strong noble sons, instead of my only daughter out alone in such a storm as this, I could better be content and wait your coming at the line, but . . .

"Here Eternity broke down again with grief for our sister, and seeing that he could not at all further engage in the discussion, Eternity arose from his seat, took Time by the arm, and both together walked slowly away toward the door of the Silent Sphere; my father turning long enough to indicate that I might take such liberties as I desired in the further sittings.

"I then proceeded to inform them of the notice our father had received from the Creator concerning something that should befall our sister in her goings, but after some while of serious reflection, broken now and now with permissible conjectures according to our rules, we all with one accord agreed that, since Friday's records showed no more signs of danger than all of us had encountered many a day before; and since God had not seen fit to explain to our father, only saying to him, Be patient, wait and trust; it was now our duty to take Him at his word; and so agreeing, our brother, Sunday, arose to leave the room, saying: I must prepare for my goings; for our sister will soon be here as she has always been during the eons; for there is no variation in the time of the goings.

"Then proceeding to his outer section of the Archives, and taking down his recorder, he inserted the blanks, and walked out to the front porch just as the clock sounded the alarm, which always sounded

at ten minutes before twenty-four, so that tomorrow, whoever that was, might be well ready and, standing at the line, touch hands with today as he ended; for it was by the hand-touch at the line that tomorrow became today, and today became yesterday, while Time and Eternity waited on the porch to welcome his return.

"We were all now together on the porch, and I was pleased to note that my father and mother were better composed, both of them standing close beside Sunday—Eternity on the one side and Time on the other, and they had so used six of the last ten minutes in assuring and comforting Sunday for his going and watching over all the sons of Adam, saying: My Son, be not dismayed, neither disheartened, in this thy going; no, not by anything that shall befall thee by the way. Keep on in thy course, even as thou hast during the eons; for there is no variation in the course nor in the time, according to your dial which runs by the clock.

"This being said, I saw Sunday step from between Time and Eternity to take his place at the line, for the strokes of the great clock had started. Now, from the porch we could always see today returning, even before he ended at the line, and we were all looking to see our sister coming in sight to end her watchings, but none saw our sister.

"The last stroke of the hammer fell, and as the tones quivered in their solemn vibrations, all the eyes of all the Days and Time and Eternity peered into the distance to see her coming to the Archives, but she did not return from her watchings.

"Instantly my father glanced at Sunday, who, awestruck and dumbfounded, was standing at the line waiting to touch the hand of Sabbath. Then with a wailing, pealing, convulsive voice, such as I had never heard before, Eternity cried out:

"*Go*, My First Son, *Go*, and God
Be with you till you come again.

"Sooner done than said. Sunday sped away on his watchings before the command was finished; while both Time and Eternity with their five sons waited on the porch for the return of Sabbath, but she did not return. Time and Eternity wept together, saying: O Sabbath, my first, last, and only daughter, where art thou? And their weeping mingled with the weeping of all the sons, saying: O Sabbath, my first, last, and only sister, where art thou?

"My Son, that was an awful day at the Archives. Never before in all the eons had a Day failed to end on time at the Archives. What had befallen our sister? What might befall Sunday? Never before had two of us been out at once. What if the first son and only daughter were lost? What if all the Days got lost? It would kill their mother, and Eternity would be left to weep in solitude."

And now coming to a pause in these reflections, I was inclined to ask the Son of Time more particularly about the length of the delay; for I knew there was some difference of opinion among scholars as to how long the sun stood still at Gibeon, and while I was anxious for him to proceed with the story, I was afraid this point might be overlooked, and

seeing that I was specially concerned about this, it afforded me great pleasure when he proceeded as follows:

"My Son, I know that some of your infidels have said that if the sun were to stand still in the way that is recorded, it would upset the whole course of nature; and even some of your Christian scholars have admitted the same thing, and have thus discredited your Bible and other records; and no little harm has thus been done by Christian scholars joining hands with infidels. But all their explanations and pious apologies for the records of this event are even more bunglesome to a discriminating mind than is the event itself. For, do you suppose that a God who could create, and start, and keep going ten thousand million worlds much bigger than your little one, could not, if He so pleased, hold one of them still a moment, or a month, just about as easy as you could hold a mouse with the tongues? And, granting that God may sometimes answer a foolish prayer when offered ignorantly and in sincerity, He would answer it, not according to one's scientific expression, but according to the meaning of what he desired.

"Therefore, in causing the earth to stop in its turning, which was no more difficult than to start it, God answered the prayer of Joshua, and the sun appeared to stand still, which was not near so great a miracle as lighting it at the first." Then with a sterner look upon his face than I had yet observed, the Son of Time concluded as follows:

"My Son, some of your so-called great scholars in modern European times, have taught that the

whole incident was nothing more than a mirage of the imagination; that Joshua and the rest of them only thought it was a long day, because of what was accomplished; but how is it, My Son, that the writings of Egypt, during the same period, make mention of the same day? Was it imagination with them? Also your Chinese records, during the reign of Yeo. Was that imagination, also? And your Mexicans have a record of the same day, which was forty-eight hours in length, twenty-four of which the sun stood still—all of which you will better understand when we resume the narration; but, My Son, people who go to school should quit saying their foolish talk."

## CHAPTER III

### Two Days in One

Now, returning to the main line of the narrative, the Son of Time continued as follows:

"It might be thought that Sunday, who was now on his goings and occupied with his affairs, would not suffer with such perplexities as did the rest; for how was he to know but that his sister had arrived soon after his departure, and that all was well at the Archives; and though he did not touch her hand, what difference would that make? For he already enjoyed the distinction of being the only son who had ever before started from the line without touching the hand of the day before. His father had said *Go,* and that was sufficient.

"Even so; and but for a discovery which he made not long after leaving, he might have pursued his course with almost usual satisfaction. But he soon made a discovery which was as shocking to him as was the failure of his sister to return. He found that his recorder dial was not working. Therefore, he knew not what was going on in the world, except as he could see it with his eyes, and even that was limited, dim, and strange. Never before in all the eons had this occurred.

"Nor was the recorder a device that could be tinkered with or mended. He had always understood that it started when he started at the line,

and stopped when he ended; and so it did, but there was something else which neither sons nor father knew—in fact, had never had occasion to know. At any rate, Sunday was now as much distressed over the failure of his recorder as the others were over the loss of Sabbath; for what would Time and Eternity do with a Son of Time who turned in a blank day, or a faulty record? With these thoughts he was greatly disturbed, and several nows he wished that he might return back to the Archives.

"Added to this was another very mysterious thing which he observed. No one anywhere paid him any attention. They did not even seem to know that he was about. On his goings heretofore, being the first day of the week, he had always received good welcome by those engaged in buying and selling and getting gain. Fields thronged with laborers, sowing their seed, cultivating their crops, or reaping the ripened grain, had been a common scene; but it was not so today. The longer he went, the more was he convinced that what he saw in the faces of people was what he felt in his own heart. Something had gone wrong, and the people were finding it out.

"Some who had opened their places in Sabbath desecration, had closed them up and gone to their homes in solemn mood to see what time it was, or to ask of their neighbors, how long seemed the day; for the sons of Adam were now quite sure, as well as the keepers of the Archives, that there was no day like this before it or after it, and but for the fact that, in his desperation, Sunday remembered the words of his father, he would have failed for

lack of strength to continue in his goings; for Eternity had encouraged him to continue in his course according to the dial which always runs by the clock at the Archives, and this he did because of the quivering of the tones and stones, and what the Creator had said about something befalling our sister.

"And now remembering the words of his father, and looking at the time dial, Sunday saw it was nearing the eighteenth hour. Suddenly he came within the range of a terrible battle, the ground being scattered over with the bodies of the slain; and thinking that so awful a thing would surely loosen the wheels of his recorder, he now eagerly looked to see, but it was not working. Then sorrowfully raising his eyes to see if he might observe which way the army had gone, his very soul flamed with joy and gratitude, as he exclaimed, *My Sister.* O My Dear Sister, Sabbath. *I am so glad I have found you.*

"You may be well assured that Sunday's joy at seeing her was no greater than her joy over his safe arrival; for, while her recorder had shown all the while that he was on the way, yet it also had shown the many discouraging things he was encountering, and how that several nows he had almost despaired of being able to continue. So, she was bearing not only the strain of witnessing this awful battle which was so averse to her nature and disposition, but also the strain of deep solicitude for her brother.

"Sunday was all the more amazed to see her alive when she told him that she had been waiting there and witnessing this terrible slaughter for nearly

twenty-four hours; for she had the time, even according to the clock of her mother, as did all the Days. At the mention of her keeping the time, Sunday's face darkened at the thought of his failing to keep the records, and now, with evident deep regret, he reported this fact to his sister; whereupon she instantly replied: Why should you, Brother? I am doing that.

"These words from her whose lips had always spoken truth, were like the cutting of a millstone from about his neck, and he exclaimed:

" 'Full well I know, My Sister, Dear,
As well I know that thou art here,
These words of thine upon my ear
Remove all cause I had for fear;
But since I've gone in awful trial
And watched at mine in vain;
Grant me a look at your good dial,
While waiting here, we two remain.'

"Then holding her's before his face,
With all the plenitude of grace
That showered blessings on the race,
And smoothed like oil on stormy seas,
Her brother's griefs and miseries—
'See that?' said she, as Sunday wept
With gratitude for comfort found—
Because the records she had kept.

"He then inquired of her how and why it was that she had been detained and kept waiting there so long to witness a scene so horrible. She informed him that Joshua, the man of God whose princes had accepted the strategy of a strange people instead of seeking counsel at the mouth of God, had been

called upon to save them from being overpowered by five combined kingdoms, and that in order to do this successfully, Joshua had besought God and requested that she might remain until victory was assured, and because of the sacredness of the treaty made with Gibeon, although Joshua was deceived by their strategy, the Creator had granted his petition for help to carry it out.

"Then Sabbath further explained to Sunday: This battle, which has been going on nearly thirty hours, is now ending. We are to proceed on our goings in a few moments. You are to go with me the rest of the way. You were sent by the Creator to bring blanks for my recorder. The last film is now passing. It is more than well your recorder did not work; the blanks would have been spoiled. Let me have them now.

"Instantly he handed them to her, and after placing them in her recorder, she looked at the dial, and still holding it in one hand, she lifted the other toward heaven as if ready to receive a signal. Then waving her hand gracefully three times, Sabbath said to Sunday: We are off on our goings.

"And thus it was, My Son, for the first time in all the eons, that two days merged in one, and both Sabbath and Sunday returned to the Archives together. All of us at home were standing on the porch in better mood; for after the clock struck eighteen that day there were no quiverings in the tone at any hour, and although we had never before held a sittings with two seats vacant, the ceasing of the quiverings and the moving of the diurnal gave us ground to hope. So, the five sons with Time and

Eternity were standing on the porch, and Monday was ready to go. On coming in sight we saw that both Sabbath and Sunday were returning side by side. Monday stepped into position at the line, but amid the joyous excitement of all, Monday was puzzled to know whose hand to touch, for both Sabbath and Sunday were side by side. Nor did Eternity know whose hand Monday should touch. But as they neared the line to find good welcome home, Sabbath reached forth her hand, because she had the records. With great joy and satisfaction, Monday touched the upraised hand of his sister, and instantly departed on his goings."

Here I was so pleased and amazed at the particulars of the narrative that I was glad of a few moments' pause for reflection, after which the Son of Time explained further, as follows:

"It was by the touch of hands at the line that today became yesterday and tomorrow became today. Also by the same touch yesterday's recorder ceased and today's started. You see, My Son, Sabbath touched hands with me when I came in, before she left; but she was not there to touch hands with Sunday when he started; and none thought it mattered; for the length of daylight and what is done in it may vary as it does at the poles; but Time never varies, and she is the mother of all the Days. And all the Days have their records in the Archives; even the day of Sunday's goings when his recorder stood still, but the record of his time is found in the records of Sabbath, even as she said."

Here he paused again, and I could not help wondering at the manifold wisdom, greatness, and

goodness of our Heavenly Father planning the best for all His creatures. Even if one day is to merge into another, and thus apparently lose its identity, it is merged into the best of all the days, and thus every moment of its passing hours, whether in joy or sorrow; whether in the darkness or in the light; whether in prosperity or adversity; every moment is in the best and safest keeping. And now, detecting the nature of my musings, he further remarked:

"My Son, I do not wonder at your admiration for the One Who created us all, nor would I have you think that my mother or any of her sons are in anywise dissatisfied, or have complaint to make of what we are told to do; yet I am well aware that no other creatures of His have been so crowned with glory and honor as have the sons of Adam, whom He made in His own image and likeness, to have dominion over all the works of His hands. Both Time and Eternity, and all the sons of Time in their goings are yours. All of us are glad, and feel ourselves honored to be your servants; always keeping the records of what we bring to you and what you give to us; and our sister, Sabbath, feels herself specially honored that she has been set apart to always bring the best for all the human family; even more abundantly blessed for this than any of her brothers are; and we all agree that she is thus far more capable and deserving of esteem than any of us; but, My Son, her brothers can not help feeling some resentment (or should I say, grief and pain?), when they see the records which she some nows brings to the Archives: How she is derided when she opens

church doors and starts the bells a-going, calling people to her feast for hungry, starving souls: How she is ignored, desecrated, and spit upon all along her way. But she is patient, kind, and never complains; only it pains her to bring the records in.

"Not that my sister resembles the peevish, pouting, simpering, cankering type of earthly humankind, seeking to be petted with double portions of adulating blandishments to keep her in good mood. Nay, verily. But though she never condemns or judges any, it pains to cast her pearls to swine, and see them turn to rend her. And even these same sons of Adam who treat her thus, in desecrating her kindly gifts and trampling her blessings 'neath their feet, meet her brothers in their goings and say: Be kind to me, Today, and give me good success; when even then we see our sister's blood upon their hands.

"My Son, how can such men, or women either, expect her brothers to meet them in good mood, and say, Have good success and be at peace, when our sister's blood crieth unto us from the streets, houses, valleys, and hilltops? But our kind Creator, yea, and our parents, both Time and Eternity, say to us continually: Lift not thy hand to slay any of the sons of Adam; no, not in all thy goings; for unless the sons of men repent of this foul treatment of our sister, then their own sins will soon enough rise up and slay them down; and while many of your thoughtless artists have pictured our mother, calling her Father Time, with scythe across his back to

slay; yet, My Son, neither our father nor our mother ever have that to do, nor any of the Days. We come and find them slain already by the hand of their own evil ways. And we are sorry."

After uttering these words with a depth of meaning which I can not well convey, the Son of Time paused; and the longer I had to think of what he had said, the more I believed it was true. A very prominent physician remarked to me, not long after this, that people seldom die of what ails them; and yet, if it were not for what ails them, they might not die of what kills them. At any rate, it must be admitted that the mere single factor of time is seldom, if ever, solely responsible for the ending of a human life.

After a few moments, which he seemed to think I needed to put these words away somewhere, he resumed as follows:

"We have not finished discussing the order of the Days of which you inquired a now ago. As I said, my brother Monday touched the hand of our sister Sabbath when she returned with Sunday and had the records; for so it was, and so went the other Days in the order of their goings—Tuesday followed Monday, Wednesday followed Tuesday, and Thursday followed Wednesday.

"But it came to pass, at our sittings while Thursday was on his goings, and even before we assembled for the discussions, that I was wondering who would follow me after my going; for it was nearing my hour to go. It had always been the custom that my sister, Sabbath, followed after me, and Sunday

followed after her. But Sabbath and Sunday had both returned together, side by side.

"Now there was much happiness in the discussions at the sittings on Thursday, and I was loath to mention my question; but as I was soon to go, and wished so much to know who would follow me, I so requested at the sittings, feeling well assured that my father would instantly answer, as he had always done concerning things his children wanted to know. But this now it was not so. He seemed greatly perplexed; looking first at Sabbath, then at Sunday, then at the clock, then at our mother sitting under the clock.

"And now, seeing the embarrassment of our father, Wednesday arose from his seat, as we sometimes did to speak on serious matters, and said: I had not thought of raising any question like this. It seems to me, according to the order of our goings, our sister Sabbath shall go after Friday, as has been our custom during the eons.

"At this, my father, still with some show of uncertainty, was nodding his head almost approvingly; whereupon the other sons joined in the opinion expressed by Wednesday. I noticed, however, that neither our mother nor our sister seemed at all disturbed over this question; only our mother was looking at Sabbath as though expecting her to speak.

"Now Sabbath arose, clad in that glory of grace and modesty which had prompted her to wait until the others had spoken, and firmly but unobtrusively said:

"Sunday will follow Friday.

"Our mother, still keeping her seat, but with none the less of earnestness and certitude, quietly responded:

"That is it.

"All the sons of Time were never so shocked at the strange words of our sister. Not that she was offensive or impudent in any way, but because of her commanding presence, and her gentle, but strange words uttered in such unfaltering confidence; although they did not understand it, they were convinced that she was right, and our mother had said the same.

"Sunday was on his feet in a moment, saying as he arose:

> " 'I now with shame confess my fault,
> If fault it was in me that day,
> Before we started, side by side,
> Our strange and happy homeward way:
> Three signs she gave; I did not ask
> To know the gracious reasons why;
> For well I knew it was her task,
> Assigned her from the blazing sky,
> When over Gibeon stood the sun,
> And two whole days merged into one,
> That brought—'

"Here my father suddenly raised his hand, interrupting Sunday's words, which was a most unusual thing for him to do, and hastily rising from his seat, still greatly puzzled, and looking intently into the face of Sunday, my father said: Which one? And Sunday replied: The one that brought the records home.

"A look of apology swept the faces of all; and rising from his seat again, and waving his hand significantly, my father walked hurriedly toward the inner Sphere of the Archives, while all the brothers took opportunity to express their feeling of confidence in their sister, and their appreciation of what she had always been to them, and what she wished to be to all the human family.

"The door of the Archives opened. The face of our father, now beaming with mingled waves of joy and satisfaction as he merged from out the Silence, looked full into the faces of his children, standing in line as always was their custom at his approach, and he exclaimed:

"It is decided. Sabbath brought the records. She even brought the records of her day and Sunday's day. It is recorded that she brought both Sunday and his records; for his recorder did not move its wheels. *Sabbath touched hands with Monday, and so shall she do forever.*

"Now, Sunday was standing first in the line, as had always been his custom; the others in their order, with Sabbath in the seventh place, a vacant space being left for Thursday who was on his goings, as always was our custom for the one away. Then my father called the names of Sunday and Sabbath. They advanced and stood before him, side by side, as they had returned from the goings, and looking at Sabbath, my father said:

"My Dear Daughter, whom the Heavenly Father named and blessed above all the Days, and intended thee thereby to be the greater blessing to all mankind, and to all forms of useful being on the face

of the earth, even a blessing to hard strained and fast moving steel shaftings and wheels, because of the rest they should have in thee: Thou shalt for a season be hid from the sons of Adam in thy goings; for this is the purpose of the Creator in changing the order of thy goings as thou hast said.

"The discourteous treatment which thou hast received at the hands of men shall no longer be flaunted in thy face nor fall upon thy tender brow, until One shall come to go with thee as thy companion among the sons of Adam; for they deal not kindly with thee; nor can they be longer trusted. They even laid violent hands upon thee by the way, when thou didst go from the home of thy mother alone; and because of this their sin against my only daughter, whom God set apart to bless the world, they shall see thy face no more until the Redeemer shall come to make atonement for their sins, and thenceforth go with thee Himself. They shall not even know when thou goest, until the Redeemer shall rise from the dead to go with thee in thy goings.

"For even this last act of desecration by the sons of Adam was caused by wilily working strategy and lies, when even the princes of Joshua listened to the counsel of old sacks, and wine bottles, old and torn and tied up; and old shoes clouted upon their feet, with garments old upon their bodies, and mouldy bread in their sacks; yea, it was by such counsel as this, instead of seeking to know by the mouth of God, that all this trouble came; even this grief to Time and Eternity (See Joshua 9). But when the Redeemer shall atone for their sin, and rise to go with thee in thy day, then thou also shalt be

revealed, and though men shall speak of thy goings as the Lord's Day, thy name is Sabbath; for none can change thy nature or thy name. My Daughter, thou hast honored the seventh place, and earned the first, and it shall be thine forever.

"Then, turning to Sunday, Eternity said:

"My Dear Strong Son, who art well able to run thy race with any: Hitherto thou hast gone in the first day of the week, and thou hast found good welcome at the hands of men, because in thee they sought the wealth of earthly goods; they gave thee no insult in all thy goings. And good it is in thee now henceforth to go in the place of thy sister, and bear the abuse that has been thrust in her face; for thou art well able and willing to bear it for a season; and while she, going in thy place, shall find men busy, and not in much mood for her kindly mission, she will not be spit upon for a season, and because none shall know that it is thy sister going in the first day of the week, her going shall be more respected and kindly received. For so hath the Creator ordered, that thou shalt bear the reproaches heaped upon thy sister until the Redeemer atone for sin; and even thine own face shall be hid from men, that they may not know for a season that thou goest in the place of thy sister. For so it is recorded in the Archives forever.

"And now, My Son, it is not according to our rules for me to say all that my father said as Sunday and Sabbath stood before him, nor do you seem to have where to put many things I might say; but as he finished his speaking, he said: Now, My Strong Son, you will go first to the place of your choice, and

Sabbath will take the other. Whereupon, my brother Sunday walked to the seventh place, and my sister, Sabbath, to the first place, in the order of the Days. And so it came to pass, that the first became last, and the last first.

"Thus it was that, when the sun stood still and two days merged in one, Sabbath and Sunday came home together, and after that changed places in their goings forever; for so also it was meet that our sister, who had been delayed in returning, should have her same rest of 144 hours at home before she went again. So, there has never been variation in the time of her going, counted from the time of her coming.

"But even after these centuries of her going in the first day of the week, and so recognized by many; some few still say she goeth in the seventh day, as of old, and by their foolish arguments upset the faith of others, and do much damage. Perchance, like those who crucified the Lord, they know not what they do; but whether that be any credit to them is not for a son of Time to say.

"Now as Sabbath and Sunday changed places in the line, it came to pass that the warning signal sounded, the sittings adjourned, and I made ready to go, being glad that I had raised my question and had it settled before I left; and so were the others glad also. When I returned, Sunday was ready and standing at the line, and touching hands with me, his recorder started, even his recorder that stood still the day that Sabbath was detained; for there was no day like that before it or after it (Joshua

10:14), when Sabbath returned with Sunday, and touched hands with Monday at the line.

"As Sunday went on his going in the seventh day, it came to pass that the sons of Adam said: Behold the chariot of Sabbath, for the outward form of the days is the same; only they are numbered. So, they said, Sabbath cometh to give us rest from our labors, and while she is opening doors for holy convocations, we will go otherwheres and carouse, for she is kind. And they knew not that it was Sunday in the chariot; for who looked in to see? Only they thought within themselves to carouse on the Sabbath Day; not only in such desecrations as may be seen almost anywhere, but also in the planning of great battles of the world. But to all their sayings and supposed desecrations of his sister, Sunday said never a word, but steadily went on his way, some nows smiling at their awkwardness, and some nows weeping at their self-inflicted injury.

"Now when Sunday returned from his first going on the seventh day, Sabbath was ready and standing at the line, and touching his hand, she went in the first day of the week, and the sons of Adam said: Behold the chariot of Sunday; let us make haste to business; so they were glad to see the chariot of Sunday, and knew not that Sabbath was in it; for who looked in to see? Only they sobered themselves to go to business.

"And thus it was that Sabbath, going in the chariot of Sunday, her face being hid from the eyes of men, had better treatment, until the Redeemer came to go with her when he rose from death at dusk, even as she was starting on the first day of

the week, on Nisan the eighteenth, when time was born again. But of this I may have more to say later, if I find you ready to hear it." Being so much absorbed in these things, it was several moments before I noticed that the Son of Time had departed.

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## A PERSONAL WORD

Just here I beg the pardon of my readers for inserting a personal note. When this book was first written, over a year ago, I had no idea of any authority in existence showing that Sabbath time was in any way connected with the time that the sun stood still. I wrote as it came, with no thought of trying to look it up. Several months later, I accidentally saw a quotation from an ancient Jewish writer, Kimchi, saying it was thought the sun stood thirty-six hours instead of twenty-four, in order to allow for the coming and going of Sabbath.

But since that is twelve hours more than the Bible account allows, and since the sun stood in mid heaven instead of at just rising, and since no other motive than that of winning the battle is recorded; I am still of the opinion that Sabbath arrived on time, but did not leave until the battle was ended; thanking Kimchi, however, for confirmation that Sabbath time was included.

In fact, as for myself, however others may feel about it, I take the matter seriously. For, while I have always had an aversion for what is called fiction, and never had time to read but little of such; yet, whatever this may be, and by whatever

means it came, after thinking over it, and testing it by all available means, I am deeply convinced of the truth it contains, and which for the first time, so far as I know, is unfolded in a way that is clear and satisfying.

Moreover, I am profoundly convinced that Sabbath desecration is near to the base of all our world's trouble. Part of this grows out of the feeling of uncertainty concerning the day we observe, or the other false idea that one day is as good as another, just so we observe one. This is a delusion, and keeps us from observing any day as we should.

Not only so, but we must quit calling God's Holy Sabbath, Sunday; for Sunday is now really and truly the seventh day of the week, and Sabbath is really and truly the first day of the week, as we are plainly told in the Greek text of the New Testament; for in every case where our translators render it "first day of the week," the Greek plainly says, "first-day Sabbath," which was the day our Lord rose from the dead, and the original seventh-day Sabbath that God named and set apart in the beginning. The fact that Will Milam has moved into the house next door, or a thousand miles away, neither changes his name nor his identity.

And, since we are nearing the new age which is to mark the beginning of the reign of peace over all the Confederate States of the World, I am expecting to see the first issue of the new calendar with all the days arranged in their true order; Sabbath being the first day, and Sunday being the seventh day of the week, in the first year of *the parliament of man.*

## CHAPTER IV

### When Sunday Came on Saturday

If some of my readers are curious to know how one must feel under the circumstances which produced this book, I would advise that they read again its opening pages. In addition to that, I may say that the consciousness of a peculiar Presence lasted for more than a week, apparently changing in some indefinable way as the days came and went, though not always changing with every change of a day. For example:

After some moments of reflection on the closing thoughts of Friday, preceding his sudden departure without my knowing it until he was gone, I felt very much alone, and was wondering if I could ever write the strange story he had brought, when suddenly I was startled by the presence of Sunday; and though it seemed awkward and strange that he should be in my room on Saturday morning at one o'clock, yet I felt sure there was no doubt about it in the world, and after expressing some pleasure at what he found me doing, he went on to say:

"My brother Friday, seeing the rapture of your meditations, said he did not wish to disturb them on taking his leave, but he hopes you will write what you have seen by the now he comes again, which if he finds has been faithfully done, you may be permitted to go with him into the Dark and Silent

Sphere, that you may know the meaning of the picture you saw of the face of the earth outside-in."

On the hearing of this, two mighty forces leaped up within me like two lions contending with each other for ascendancy. On the one hand, the feeling of fear and trepidation; on the other, that of desire and expectation; but the commotion of these contending forces was soon quieted by the thought that this was a matter that could be settled later.

Sunday then went on to speak of how highly honored he considered himself to be in taking the place of his sister, and that, although even now some called him her and her him, yet, since it was better for her, and no worse for him, they were both doing the best they could until they should be duly recognized by their right names and in the true order of their goings. And now, assuming a graver mood, he spoke as follows:

"Due and becoming reverence for my sister is humanity's only savings bank. I am glad that you have been able to see that the peace and prosperity of the world, in all things of real value, can never be secure by any other means. Terrible armaments and standing fleets only increase the noise of the destruction that is sure to come to those who depend on these instead of that. For this reason I am glad you are willing to be a voice, perchance for a season, crying in the wilderness, and calling a ruined, bankrupt world to its only security.

"At first you will be met by unbelievers and scoffers, who say, It makes no difference; a day is a day. Give thou no heed to such. They will even

try to discredit my sister, Sabbath, by saying, It is such a day at one place, and such a day at another place at the same time; for they think to change the line to suit themselves. Again they say that in going eastward or westward around the world, a day is lost or gained as the case may be. Give thou no heed to such.

"They say that on a ship they can sit down to eat at 11.50 a. m., Friday, then in twenty minutes rise up at 12.10 p. m., Saturday. Or, going the other way, they sit down to eat at 11.50 a. m., Friday, and in twenty minutes, they rise up at 12.10 p. m., the day before, on Thursday. So, they laugh at the Days. And while, owing to their way of fixing the day-line, and owing to their continual travel; either going with us on the one hand, or meeting us on the other hand, all this may be granted; yet, My Son, they never change their clocks at the day-line, and they always know which day it is, whether they respect our sister or not.

"Thus it has come to pass, that by all such smart objections as these against our sister by globe-trotters in their idleness and others who trail after their ways; either flaunting their wickedness in our faces the one way, or boasting to outrun us the other way, many have come to think that our sister is no more to be respected than those who spit in her face. Give thou no heed to such; for if they fail to find their follies out, then their follies will not fail to find them out later. I mean: *O-u-t.* That spells, *out.* Sometimes means, *in.*"

And now, turning as if he meant to withdraw, he said:

"But I must no longer withhold from you that which I have been commanded to bring for your need. Keep the pictures, and write them out as directed. This will help you. Take it as soon as you can."

Then, handing me a little package containing three or four hours' sleep, which I well knew I needed, but feared I would not be able to take, Sunday forthwith returned to Silence.

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## INTERLUDE

The next day being the real Sabbath, which many of us by erroneous custom and training call Sunday, my very soul moved in a new world of light and certitude. Never before had the day found me with such holy purpose and strong desire that thoughts and thanks might rise, in grateful incense to the skies; and holy duties mark the day, with holy comforts all the way.

Never before had the morning dawned with such a heart-song of welcome and salutation to the coronation day of martyrs and the sublimest day of the Church of God, the green oasis dedicated to reverent thought, where the pilgrim halts for refreshment and repose, and the hour of worship with the multitude, tedious maybe to triflers, but full of calmness and strength to the earnest and sincere.

The following lines are but a faint expression of the great thought streams that poured that day in majestic, unending succession from the newly discovered fountain of certitude.

## THE HOLY SABBATH

Hail; Holy blessed Sabbath Day;
Soft couch of time, care's balm and bay,
Best fruit of this, and next world's bud,
Patient, gentle, in all thy goings good;
Giving to our bodies rest, our souls, food,
Smoothing like oil on stormy seas
Rough waves of human destinies,
Wherever thou art known and loved.

O Hallowed Day, most calm, most bright;
Thy keeping, strong hinges on which
Fortunes of groaning nations swing;
Time's last child, Eternity's first daughter,
Earth's bride, humanity's one savings bank;
Born last, most blessed of all the seven;
Crowned first, when time was born again,
Emblem of rest and peace in heaven.

## CHAPTER V

### The Winding Stairway

Being the author of several small books that have been read by a million and a half people, and kindly commended by many; books, however, that were wrought out stitch by stitch, with tedious forethought and painstaking precision, I must confess to a feeling of awkwardness in undertaking to lead my readers along the strange paths already encountered, and perhaps stranger paths yet to travel. It is quite possible that some may not be able to go; and the thought that this might in part be the fault of the guide, gives me no little concern.

I beg, therefore, that the reader share with me the responsibility of fastening willing attention; not merely to a form of words as seen by the eye and discerned by the mind, but an attention of heart and spirit that will surely be rewarded by the discovery and possession of richer treasure in the realm of certitude.

Having been informed by Sunday, on what we call Saturday morning, that his brother, Friday, was expecting to call on me again to resume the discussion, I looked forward to his coming with joy, awe, and trepidation; so much so, that I was not only expecting to be in my study at midnight as usual, but I had purposed also to carefully note the manner of his approach.

Thursday night came; but the press of other things prevented my being in the study until about eleven o'clock, and knowing that I had several pages yet to write, and not knowing how long it might require, I proceeded to that at once, and strange to say I did not notice the time until it was away past midnight, when I was instantly conscious of the Presence which I had felt before, and he spoke as follows:

"Seeing you were finishing the writing in fairly good order for a mortal son of Adam, and knowing the disadvantages of your slowness with such an undertaking, I did not speak when I entered, but the now is high for us to be going about the things of which my brother, Sunday, spoke, after my leaving you unawares."

At the mention of this, I shuddered. From what I had learned of the Dark and Silent Sphere in the center of the Archives, it did not seem to be a place where such as I would like to go. Cold sweat oozed from the pores of my skin at the thought of it. Mingled with this was a deep sense of my unworthiness and many imperfections; for whatever may be the opinion of others concerning this strange visitor and his manner of communication, I could not eliminate the impression that it was a serious matter; and seeing my hesitation, and the sad plight I was in, the Son of Time spoke words of encouragement, which I need not mention here, and then reminded me that my feeling of fear and unworthiness must not be permitted to stand in the way of duty; for, said he: "Many have eyes, but they see not; ears

have they, but they hear not. And the Creator saith, My people perish for lack of vision."

I must confess that the mention of duty fastened a brake on the receding wheels of failing courage; for, if there was any hope of my rendering a better service to my fellow-men in this time of the world's great need, then I must not hesitate.

He then reminded me that two or three times in early childhood, God had snatched me from the mouths of devouring lions, and that long ago I had consecrated myself to Him for the best service that I might be able to render to my age and to my fellow-men, and thus the best and only real service to the Heavenly Father. And now, assuring me that it was my duty, and that I would suffer no injury by entering the Dark and Silent Sphere, I paused in a meditation that seemed to close my eyes to all material things and bore me out on the soft and mellow waves of full consent.

A light touch on the shoulder seemed to open my eyes, but I saw nothing except the dim outline of what appeared to be a winding stairway ascending from where we stood.

"Walk up," said he. But I was afraid, for it seemed to me the stairway was only a shadow-like something, resembling spider's web, and as I touched it with my hand it so appeared to be.

Then said he: "We are not to go with our hands, but with our feet, even one at the now, and the other at a now, and so, on. My Son, he who would rise to the high plain of clear and impartial vision must not think to ascend by means of physical, visible contrivances. A two-year-old child can crawl up

wooden steps, and be little wiser by it. Lift up thy foot, and come."

Deeply realizing the justness of the rebuke, I instantly set foot on the first weblike step, and felt it solid like a rock; and while the flimsiness of the stairway, as it seemed to sight, was appalling, yet as we walked by faith, every step was solid until we reached the top, where, after being seated, we remained, I know not how long in the silence of blackest darkness. Then he arose and appeared to open a window, facing where I sat, and commanded me to look.

At first I could see nothing. All was blackest darkness; then suddenly I caught a glimpse of the first rim of shimmering light, as comes the break of day when the sky is clear; as though an angel, robed in spotless white, had come to wake the sleeping world. Brighter, now brighter still, as the broad, expanding beams surged upward in the sky. In a few moments, to my utter astonishment, I saw the top rim of the rising sun—now full orbed, with peerless light unveiled, and moving in cloudless majesty.

I stood in awe and wonder, not only at the speed of the rising sun, but now at the beauty and splendor of the earth awaking from sleep and turning like a baby enfolded in the arms of its mother.

After waiting long enough, apparently, for me to be sufficiently impressed with this, he said: "What was it?" I answered: "It was the most beautiful sunrise I ever beheld."

At his motion, we now resumed the seat, and he began as follows:

"My Son, the first lesson you are to learn by coming here is no new lesson to you, nor to many of the sons of Adam. Only the *learning* of it is new. The first was to let you feel and know how it was before creation, when darkness was upon the face of the deep. The second was to let you know *who* it was in the beginning, that said, Let there be light."

I noticed that the Son of Time laid great emphasis on *who;* and now as he paused and I waited, he turned toward me as if in great distress, and in startling tones plied his question: "Son of Adam, do you know *who?*"

The thunder of his voice seemed to crack and scatter my sluggish consciousness into shivering fragments, while the pathos that lingered brought it together again in such new and vital relations as gave me a consciousness of God such as I never had before. And now, seeing that his effort had not been in vain, he proceeded:

"Son of Adam, that is another cause of the world's trouble to now. Even forgetfulness of God; the God in Whom we all live and move and have our being. Many there be who say, There is a God, but they seem not to know which it is, nor care. They seem not to know that he or it to whom or which they show the highest regard, even he or it is their god. Some of your neighbors have gods of gold; other gods of pigs and cows, for which they show better regard than for their own children. For, when one saith, Where is thy fine pig that I may see 'im? The other saith, Here he is; look. But when one saith, even when it is dark, Where is thy son? the other answereth, He is out in the some-

wheres. For he knoweth not where his son is, even when it is dark. But of his pig or his calf he knoweth full well, or goeth straight to search.

"Not only so, My Son, but there be many who say there is a God, even meaning the Creator; but when one saith, Whose hill is that? The other answereth, It is mine. And when one saith, Whose field is that? He answereth, That is mine also. Then again, when one saith, Whose is this daylight? Or whose is this steampower? Or whose is this soil, and this growing? Then he setteth his foot hard on the pavement and saith, These are all mine. And when one saith, Whose art thou? Then he answereth abruptly, saying, *I am mine, myself, also.* Then he goeth on his way.

"Son of Adam, listen to this, even as it is found in the writings: The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein. For He hath founded it upon the seas and established it upon the floods. All sheep and oxen, yea and the beasts of the field; the fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea.

"Thus you see, that God is not only the Creator and Preserver; but He is also the now owner of all these things. I say, He is the *now owner* of all these. Son of Adam, understandest thou this?"

He propounded this question with an emphasis that jostled distant dungeons of darkness, down the walls of which I could see the dust and smut of ages now loosened and falling in great sheets that were being licked up and devoured by tongues of livid

flame. I never before had such a consciousness of Divine ownership and human stewardship as that which now filled, thrilled, tingled, and sizzled in every nerve of my being.

And now going to the south side of the tower, and opening a window which I had not observed, he said, "Come, and look."

The picture that now met my astonished gaze is beyond the powers of human language to describe. The whole firmament, as far as even my aided eye could reach, was a scene of successive trains of smoothly moving polished cogwheels, pulleys, beltings, shaftings, and spindles; all moving in noiseless, frictionless harmony. Looking down great aisles and across dizzy distances of dazzling beauty and entrancing mechanisms, I stood speechless and almost breathless in admiring contemplation.

If the Son of Time spoke, I did not hear it. I was wondering. For I saw no pillow-blocks, engines, nor motors of any kind; and now touching my arm, the Son of Time said: "What is it?"

I answered: "It is so wonderful, I do not know."

Again and with increased emphasis he said: *"What is it?"* I continued to look, and soon there appeared in great liquid letters, that interlocked with shimmering shaftings, glistening belts, and winged cogwheels:

*Harmony, Beauty, Bounty, Peace*

I called the words as I saw them. He answered, "That is it." Then he proceeded further to explain: "That is a picture of the world as the Creator made it, and as it should be running now. Who sustains

it?" I said, "God." "Who runs it?" I said, "God." "Yes," said he, "if the wheels consent. Why is it running?"

This question staggered me. I thought of answers that might do; but was instantly reminded that we were not now in the realm of conjecture. This was the realm of certitude. And, seeing my embarrassment, the Son of Time said: "We are here to know. Keep on looking."

Now, looking again, I saw the same picture of harmony, beauty, bounty, and peace; but soon I noted the gathering of a dark streak of cloud among the wheels. "What is that?" said he. But I knew not what to answer, except to say it was a cloud, for it was now growing larger and darker. Whereupon, he proceeded to explain:

"You are now to understand that this machinery represents the running of the affairs of men in their dealings with each other. None of these wheels are bolted to their bearings. They are free to run or not, and where they choose. If one strives to encroach upon another, then there is friction. Some wheel is out of his place, and striving for that of another, and he is resisting. Both will suffer for the present, and as for that all may suffer loss for the present, but, even the dust that is ground from the one to blame shall be refined, and become the willing, useful heritage of the innocent."

The cloud darkened. Suddenly there flashed a bolt of lightning that shivered the shaftings, warped the wheels, loosened the pulleys, and banished beauty, bounty, peace, and harmony.

Here I felt sure I was already getting a glimpse of What Ails the World, but the Son of Time cautioned me not to be in haste, assuring me that deductions are well enough for some things, but not for others. He then continued as follows:

"True it is, the cloud you saw was the smoke of friction, and friction produces lightning. And so it is always and everywhere that continued friction results in explosion. Whether it be the friction of ideas, rubbing the one against the other; or the friction of words, or the friction of fists, rubbing the one against the other; explosion is sure to come sooner or later. But we must go further, and find out where friction comes from. Our words are but empty capsules unless packed with the meat of certitude, and the souls of men will never thrive on husks designed for swine."

And now, indicating that he had somewhat further to say about what we had just seen, and allowing that it might very well apply to the present status of the war-wrecked world—yet I now saw also that it had reference to the first entrance of sin in the Garden of Eden—he closed the window, and we resumed the seat in the tower; whereupon, he began on this wise:

"My Son, a great many hard things have been thought and said about your father, Adam, in the Garden of Eden, and about our Heavenly Father also, as to the start they made in managing their affairs, and as I was there in my watchings, even the very day that He made Adam, and brought the records in to the Archives, I have somewhat to say about the way things stood, compared with now.

"There be many who say: If God knows all things, then He must have known that Adam would sin; and if He knew that Adam would sin, then why did He make him for all this trouble, or the rest of us either? Another saith: Yea, and if Adam, a perfect man fell from his high estate, then where is use for us to try? Others say: Yea, and why did God allow it? Another saith: Don't ask me. But many say: The devil, the devil.

"Some blame Adam; some blame Eve; some blame God; some blame the devil; and so, there is bad confusion. But since they are fond of saying questions, they may as well say another: How did sin enter heaven? That is considered a still higher state than Adam had, being made a little lower than angels, who excel in strength; and yet, some of them fell; even before there was a devil in all the wheres, nor any sin or evil.

"Be not so impatient, but listen to this, and try to find somewhere to keep it: God is Love, and if my father, Eternity, craved companionship, and your father, Adam, craved companionship; then how much more our Heavenly Father.

"True, He had spread out the heavens, and started the goings of suns and systems. They were beautiful, and He loved them in kind; but they responded with no love in companionship with His great love. True, He had angels as messengers going at His bidding; but as yet, there was no creature made in His own likeness and image, and thus capable of intelligent and voluntary response in the companionship of love; and, without such a creature, who might thus share with Him in the glory of all His

works, and on whom He might bestow His tenderest love, even more than any mother for the child of her own image, all the rest of His creation would have no worthy meaning. This is why I said before, that none of His creatures had so been honored as the sons of Adam.

"But listen to this, My Son: In order to give back to God satisfactory love in companionship, it must be freely given, and that by choice, not forced. Even obedience, that is forced, is none better glory to God by man than beast or post; for any would say, He does thus and so because he must. It would be no better than to kick a block. So we see, the possibility to freely love and serve contains also the possibility not to do so. Otherwise it is not free, and God would not be glorified by it any more than by the motion of a planet; plenty of which He already had before He created man.

"There could be no praise for virtue nor censure for vice, if men were not free to choose the one and reject the other. Therefore, the possibility to sin is not so much from temptation that may come from without, as it is from the nature of that freedom which is necessary to determine the quality of actions.

"Now, there are three laws of action. One is brute force, another is reason, and the other is love. Our Heavenly Father deplores the first; has some pleasure in the second, as an indication of progress; but His delight is in the third, and there is no delight to Him in less. It is love that goes the second mile, turns the other cheek, and gives the

cloak also; yea, that asks, not how little will let me off, but how much can I do?

"Consequently, the picture you saw a now ago, was not only to show what happened to Adam in Eden; but it shows also what might happen anywhere, at any time, to men or angels as free agents on probation; even whether such a thing had already happened or not, and whether there were any devil or not to tempt. And you must well understand, My Son, it is not the free agency that brings destruction, nor is it God who punishes any of His creatures. It is man's own sin that turns upon him like a hungry lion to devour, just as soon as it is able.

"There be some who say: Let God give us a chance, as He gave Adam a chance—a perfect man, in a perfect world—and we will try it. Others say: That is it; that is it.

"My Son, who is the likelier to appreciate bread—a hungry man, or a filled? Who is the likelier to esteem health—a well man, or a sick? Without some knowledge of the difference in opposites, there could be no appreciation of either; and doubtless our Heavenly Father intended man to arrive at the knowledge of good and evil, by one way or the other. sooner or later, though not of necessity by bitter experience.

"Yea but, say some, the devil goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. Yea, verily; saith another. But it is not so much the roaring lion that is to be feared as the one that does not roar: for, if he roar, you may know it is a lion; but if he roar not, then you may be devoured unawares. My Son, it is safer to see the devil with

the cloven foot than to feel the cloven foot without seeing the devil.

"In fact, according to our observations in our goings, the devil alone can do little; his chain is too short, unless he can borrow a few links from someone else. The devil has to get someone else to do the spoil; he can not curse, nor get drunk, nor steal, nor murder, nor slander, nor even doubt. He must get someone else to do all such. So you see, it is not the devil by himself, but, as has often been said, it is the devil and Tom Walker—especially Tom Walker."

He then went on to say that, while of course people are tempted from without by agencies visible and invisible, yet God is faithful, not permitting us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, and that with the temptation there is always provided a way of escape.

After these remarks, which it seemed to me threw much light on the chaos of many distorted and prejudiced opinions of men, the Son of Time resumed as follows:

"My Son, I see you are anxious to hurry on and find 'What Ails the World'; but I am just as anxious that you shall be well ready, and able to understand, when we arrive at that. Many have gone this way before you, and returned as they went. You have not yet answered, 'Why is it running?' and you will not much understand what ails it unless you first understand why it is running.

"Think you that God would hang His great arc-lights in black immensities of formless void, and near them swing His rolling, circling worlds for naught? And furnish moisture, heat, and air, that

living millions there might share with Him in naught? Nay, My Son. God has a purpose; one that is worthy; one that in every way comports with His own majesty and that high dignity conferred upon the creature made in His own image.

"I know whereof I speak. For, on the fifth day of His work, He called me to witness its finishing, but by the time I got there it was the sixth day, and I saw Him finish creation. I also returned with Him when He came, in response to the call of our parents, to see and name our sister. And this is the way the Creator explained His works to me as soon as I arrived:

"I hail thee, Sixth Son of Time, and bid thee welcome into my service, and into the service of all who shall receive the same at thy hand. Thou shalt perform this service only during the life of thy mother, and thou shalt perform it as she directs; and when she goeth forth to be no more, then thou shalt go with her, but thy service shall stand for ever.

"The Creator then said further: I would not have you think that either your father, Eternity, or I, Jehovah, were in any way dissatisfied with, or blamed each other for, such companionship as we had together, being all to ourselves in the void during the eons; but Eternity was lonesome for likeness in his kind, and so was I also lonesome for likeness in My image. So, after creating light for them to go by, I created a companion for Eternity, even in his own image, and he named her Time.

"Now, as thou seest, Friday, said the Creator, I have prepared a place for My companion whom I am to make in Mine own image and likeness, with all things good now ready to his hand. And while these

heavens shall declare My glory and this firmament show forth My handiwork; yet I shall only be satisfied with that love and adoration which comes freely from an intelligent being, who has power to withhold the same if he so chooses. I shall require nothing at his hand, save that which will be for his good; nor will I refuse him aught, save what would do him hurt.

"Jehovah then ceased talking with me," said the Son of Time, "and I heard him talking with His Only Son in the presence of the Spirit; for the three existed together as one in the Godhead, and I heard the Creator saying: 'Let us make man in our own image, after our likeness, and let him have dominion over all the works of our hands, even as Time now has charge of the affairs of Eternity. And thus shall we be glorified by the happiness that shall come to men in the using of all this that we have prepared.' "

"Thus you see, My Son, that the purpose of the whole creation, planned and set in motion by the Heavenly Father, and operated all this while by the expenditure of billions on billions of energy every moment, scintillating in sunbeams, percolating in atmosphere, and throbbing in every pore of nature, is the glory that he shall receive by the happiness that man shall attain. And for this reason, I am glad that your question brought me forth from out the Silence, that I might speak it in your ears and flash it in your eyes; that you may tell it to some who falsely judge that God's claims are all unjust demands upon their personal rights; whereas, everything that he requires is for their highest good in this world and the next.

"For you, My Son, must understand:
Creation by his mighty hand,
Was not ill-advised or hasty planned,
When first athwart chaotic depths,
He cast the light in far flung line,
To paint the hue of matchless blue
For onward coming Time;

"Then forward venturing on again,
As flew the light at his command,
In shimmering waves of coming day,
To fringe the hedges all the way
With leaves of ever-living green,
And paint the flowers of Eden bowers
For Eden's virgin queen;

"Then, forward venturing on again,
To wierd waste of deeper gloom,
Pressing its eager, trembling way,
Amid thick night of cleaving day,
'Twixt two eternities—one before—
In the country without outpost,
The sea that has no shore;

"Then, forward venturing on again,
At his command as flies the light,
O'er trackless depths and dizzy height,
To span the void of blackest night;
While reason aches in awful fray,
As Time feasts craving vision's gaze
On full-orbed, perfect day."

Here, ending his speaking, the Son of Time gave me to understand that our next lesson would be studied from another window, and the pause that followed gave me time to discover that I now had a higher appreciation of the good purpose of God in all His creation than I had ever realized before.

## CHAPTER VI

### From Adam to Noah

And now, still remaining on the seat, the Son of Time resumed as follows:

"Before opening the next window, I want to say some words about what it is to show, namely: That God is not only the Creator, present Owner, and Maintainer of all this Universe, as seen from the first window; and not only that He has a definite and worthy purpose in its running, as seen from the second window; but also, My Son, you are now to see that anything and everything that undertakes to stand in the way of His purpose, must sooner or later move out of its way.

"Do not misunderstand this. He is indeed the God of Love and also of Mercy, and because of this love and mercy He will not force any of His creatures to remain in any uncongenial circumstances which He can prevent. He always does the very best He can for the well-being and happiness of all His creatures.

"Now keep in mind that His purpose is good. His purpose is man's happiness. But if men persist in antagonizing this His purpose, and thereby antagonizing their own good and happiness by continuing in their sin, then the Heavenly Father grieves, as does the Redeemer also; yea, and all the sons of Time and our sister, with Time and Eternity.

We all grieve because we know, as we have witnessed during the eons, that such antagonism results in destruction; namely, more and more unhappiness the further it goes. So we grieve because of the unhappiness and misery which man is thus heaping upon himself, and others also, by his turning from the only way to happiness.

"But neither the Heavenly Father, nor Eternity, nor Time, nor any of us lay our hand upon him, except to coax him from his evil way; for we all know that his sin will rise up and slay him soon enough, unless he slay his sin first. And that is why the Heavenly Father sent His Son, and that is why His Son was willing and glad to come, that He might help men slay their sin before it slew them; for already the life of man is shortened by many years because of the ravages of sin upon him.

"But man is a free agent; only the Heavenly Father calls to him, and the Redeemer calls, and so do all of us, especially my sister; and maybe others also call in trying to coax him from his evil way. So God waits to let him see what he will do. Then God says, I will dig about him as much as I may for a free agent; but if he continue his antagonism by clinging to his evil way and declining the help of the Redeemer to slay his sin, saying: Leave me alone with my sin, then he is left alone according to his word; for he is free, and God will have no praise from any except it be free; for if it be not free, then it is not praise.

"But even after that, if his sins do not slay him soon, and if by some means he may be aroused to his danger, and seeing by this time how far he has

missed the way to happiness, even then if he show signs of wanting whatever is left of him to be delivered from sin, then we all begin trying to save what is left of him as best we may; but some nows it is pitiful to see what is left.

"However, if he persist in his evil way, not only as a cumberer of the ground, but also in many instances leading others in his same course, and thereby heaping sorrow upon himself and them; then when his sins have been so fastened upon him and he is borne down to death with them clinging to him and he clinging to them, My Son, where shall he go with them or they with him?

"To heaven?

"Nay, My Son, for that would be the worst of hell. So, even here again, we see the goodness and mercy of God who, still loving His creature, lets him go to the place and company most congenial to his self-determined nature. And while as yet no place has been prepared for the resisting son of Adam, who is at enmity with God and good, he is allowed to have company among those like himself, even in the place that was prepared for the devil and his angels. So, God does the best He can for the antagonizing son of Adam, even in this His last act of love and mercy."

And now, rising from the seat, the Son of Time repeated with such added emphasis as I had never observed in his speech before:

"What I have said of one, I say of all; whether it be a man, or whether it be a set of men; whether it be a community, a commonwealth, or a kingdom; whether it be domineering principalities or ponder-

ous powers; *everything that stands in the way of God's purpose, must sooner or later move out of the way.* And this removing out of the way comes to pass, not always, nor often, by any direct intervention of Divine power, but by the elements of destruction that inhere in the very thing itself. And if it may seem to appear that He does at any time directly intervene to cut short an evil course in such way as might be regarded as interfering with free agency, let it be understood, My Son, that the free agent has already demonstrated what he will do; consequently, his probation ended before God came or sent someone to remove the rubbish."

Then, advancing to the window, and throwing it open, he commanded me to look; whereupon I was surprised and disappointed to see that a haze of cloud or dust prevented my seeing anything distinctly. Being puzzled at this, I was waiting for him to speak, which he did, saying:

"Ah, that is one of the troubles of the now. Vision is so dimmed by dust and smoke, and ears so deafened by the scream of blowing whistles and the noise of rumbling, squeaking wheels of commerce, and the swearing of a staggering, drinking wag, with yells of peanuts at five a bag; until the earth reels with intoxication as the throng moves on to the next attraction, and the lessons of the yesterdays are hid from the eyes of today."

He then assured me there was a remedy at hand for all such, and that it was our duty and privilege to use it freely; and now, touching a button in the side of the wall, a splendid telescope swung into position at the window as he commanded me to

look. On doing so, I was scarcely less surprised than before; for it now seemed that the whole firmament was filled with inflated balloons; some whirling one way, some whirling another; some hanging together in bunches, others jostling upon each other; but in the distance it was all a dingy conglomeration.

I inquired what it meant, and he explained as follows: "What you see is particles of dust. The lesson is that you must always get the right focus on things in order to determine their real size and nature. Some men's eyes make mountains out of molehills when they want an excuse; others, or even the same eyes, make molehills out of mountains when they want an excuse. Some things that people call small, when seen in the right focus a thousand years from now, will really be bigger than the whole world; other things that some count great, when seen in their true size a thousand years from now, will be very small."

And now, laying his hand upon the instrument in a leisurely way, and looking me straight in the face, he said: "My Son, this is the telescope of history, which you and many others have never been fond of looking through, or even when you looked, it was with the dust of prejudice in your eyes, or you looked and turned hurriedly away, saying: It is past; it is past; what is that to us? And you forgot what manner of thing it was. And so, hard lessons of the past have to be learned over and over by costly experience."

Then, touching another key which he said was to remove the accumulated dust and prejudice of

ages, and directing that it should always be pushed to the right in using the telescope of history, he commanded me to look. The dust was gone. And now in plain view, on what appeared to be the south-eastern slope of a balmy beautiful country beyond the far outlying plains that intervened, I saw the people gathered as for the funeral of Abel. Above them and around them, pouring forth in a translucent splendor that wrapped their zephyr-fanned faces in curtains of amber and rose, was the unmistakable evidence of the presence of the Eternal Himself. But it was their first funeral, and like a shadow eastward thrown o'er hearts unused to pain, there moved a mournful monotone of fear and dread for such as Cain, and sad lament for Abel.

At last the Creator spoke; and hope that had been faint, like a moan tangled and quivering in the tones of pounding thunders, now revived, and o'er their hearts his silvery mantle threw. And now, with upturned faces, the people were listening intently, which the Son of Time explained in substance as follows:

"On this sad occasion God was reminding the people of His purpose in creating them and the world, and how they should use it and themselves in order that they might be happy in it and in Him, and He in return happy in them; expressing regret that they had taken the shortest, hardest possible course to the knowledge of evil and the pain it brought to them and Him, as they might now begin to understand by what had just occurred."

And here, calling for Cain, who with covered face sat off to himself at one side, trying in vain and

shame to hide the mark of murder that every slayer has worn from that day to now, he was commanded to stand, that all might see and not forget the mark that murder made:

> And when they saw upon his brow,
> The awful mark remembered well;
> They staggered back to wonder how
> Such monstrous mortal here could dwell.

Nevertheless, as He said at the first, a woman's child shall bruise the serpent's head; that where sin abounded, grace should much more abound, and that by doing what he said and keeping His Sabbaths, all things should work together for their good and His glory—for the same course of life resulted in both. Then giving special directions for this and that, the Creator left off speaking, and the people nodded their heads approvingly, saying, Amen.

Then I saw them moving in all directions, starting about their affairs, and saying as they went, just as many have said on leaving the church: "That was a fine sermon He gave us today, and we surely will do it; in fact, that is just what people should always do; whether He said it or not, as all can plainly see." So they went about their affairs as directed, and prospered greatly; even growing rich with prosperity.

Then, giving a few turns to a set screw in the telescope, and handing me a flexible cord, the Son of Time commanded me to look and listen also. Putting the cord to my ear, and continuing to look, I saw a group of men sitting together on the sunny

side of a ledge of woods that bordered a sloping field of ripening grain. Far in the mellow distance great herds of sheep and well-fed cattle browsed in meadows or leisured in near-by shades. The signs of ease, peace, plenty, and well-to-do-ness were evident everywhere, and the men were talking thus:

"They say the Creator has said thus and so, but it seems to me, since times have changed as people come and go; for old folk had old ways as all have come to know." "Precisely," said another, "the very thing I've thought about myself these many days." "Me, too," said a third; and, since these were leading ones, on whose fields of ripening grain and browsing herds the eyes of all did look, they all agreed that so and so was not the case, except as here and there one might feel inclined.

Then they arose, and backing their words by their actions, turned from walking in God's ways to the byways of the long train of troubles and disasters that followed on and on.

And now, with frequent turns of the key, the telescope revealed glimpses of the onward moving column of the race, halting now and now at great mountain peaks of powerful appeal, where the people were warned by patriarchs and prophets of impending danger and final doom that was sure to follow forgetfulness of God. Not that such was any arbitrary punishment inflicted by the Heavenly Father, but that doom would come as the inevitable result of the course pursued; even whether God had ever said anything about it or not.

And now, raising his hand from the telescope, the Son of Time remarked: "True it is, My Son, that

sin is transgression of the law; but why is that a sin? If only that be sin, then better it were to have no law; but such is not the case. A mother sitting by her redhot stove, commands her child to touch it not; then going on about her work, the child puts forth his hand and burns its tender skin. Because he disobeyed? Yea, but more than that. Because the stove was hot. And whether she had said aught or not, the tender flesh would blister on the redhot stove. And so it is that sin destroys, whether there be written law or not.

"Then again, there be some who say that Adam was turned out of Eden because he disobeyed, because he transgressed the law; but, even according to the records, this is not so; but lest he put forth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live forever: therefore the Lord sent him forth from the garden. So even this was not because of any arbitrary rule by which God sought to punish anybody, but to prevent a still worse calamity befalling him in his now unfilial state. So you see, the language of theology is not always the language of experience; therefore some, in trying to experience theology, miss the experience of true religion."

Then, resuming his position at the telescope, and adjusting the key, the Son of Time said: "You are now to have a view of the state of things existing in the 1536th year of the human race; even when God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually; and all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth, and it was

filled with violence; and God said: My spirit shall not always strive with man; his days shall be a hundred and twenty years. For God now saw that all the strivings of His Spirit were in vain, and that further continued striving would be utterly useless; yet He set the date for doom at one hundred and twenty years from that, during which time He would use very unusual means to call men to repentance, which He did through the preaching of Noah during the building of the ark; for Noah was the only man on the face of the earth whose probation had not expired, and who gave any promise at all of perpetuating the race with a view of raising it to a higher plane."

Then I saw Noah building the ark, which was some evidence of the faith he had in God, and the faith God had in him; for then as now, both must have faith in each other. God can never do much with a man that He can not trust, which accounts for so little being done through many of us.

The ark is finished; the one hundred and twenty years are gone, and Noah, the while, has warned the people of coming doom. All nature paused in a hush like the silence of midnight as if stunned in wonder at what to do; then there was a seething like a pot beginning to boil. Black clouds with frosty and disheveled maddening mane sprang from hidden depths, smiting each other in the skies and tumbling toward the earth, while from their gaping mouths poured blinding streams of vivid lightning and peals of rending thunders. The wind's destruction stunned the muffled ear, appalled the heart, and stupefied the eye. The doom that deluged the

world with water, heated with seething lightnings and stirred by volcanic thunders, had come, proclaiming in awful and terrific tones, echoing down the ages, that *those who resist His gracious purpose for human happiness and the Divine glory, must sooner or later remove out of its way.* I sickened, and turned from the scene for relief, while the Son of Time paused a moment, and then explained:

"You must understand," said he, "there was nothing else to do; and in your records, where they say God said: I will destroy man, it should read in your language: I will wipe off man, from off the earth; even as one would wipe soil from his floor. Man was already destroyed, even by himself, and only needed now to be wiped off."

Then, at his motion, looking through the telescope again, I saw the sky had cleared, and out in mid-space rolled the big round earth, wrapped in sunshine; washed and cleansed from the stench of uncleanness, from the canker of irreverence, from the audacity of profanity, and from the haughtiness of pride. All selfishness and idolatry had been removed, and there it stood in all its bigness and beauty, calmness and cleanliness, ready for a new start of the human family.

Now it rolls nearer and looks bigger, so much so that the outer circumference swells beyond the wide range of the telescope. Now Mount Ararat comes into full view, and the earth stands still. The ark has settled upon the mountain, and I see Noah and his family coming forth to make their new start in the newly cleansed earth. Now he is planting a vineyard. Now he is drinking the pure "fruit of

the vine" as it runs from the press. But look; I see he is putting several gallons away to rot. Now he is drunk, and staggering on his way to the house.

My, My; I shuddered at the prospect of the new race with a start like that. But God was patient with him. He always is. He must do the best He can with such as He has, and while He knoweth our frame, and remembereth that we are dust, He does not expect us to seek shelter under our frailties, and it grieves Him that we are so slow in using the means for growing stronger in the power of His might. It specially grieves Him that many of us are going to send our children limping on down life's way with the same infirmities that made us limp. Some of us will leave children who never heard our voice in prayer until on our dying bed, the strangeness of which adds to the horrors of that hour.

While engaged in these rather melancholy reflections, I noticed that the Son of Time was making some readjustment of the keys, which he explained as follows:

"You have noted that this instrument is so designed that it may be operated in a way somewhat resembling your moving picture machine, and because of its connection with every section of the Archives, any series of events may be reproduced as they occurred, or, by using certain combinations of keys, an abbreviated succession of events may be seen in figures and symbols illustrating certain times and conditions.

"Just here I must remind you that your moving picture machine, operated upon a similar principle to this one connected with the Archives, is capable

of doing much good, and should be a great blessing to the sons of Adam; but your way of adding extra colorings from the foul effervescings of corrupt society, and flashing it into the faces of young children day after day, is making it one of the curses of your age. And so, like many other good things intended to be a blessing, this great power for good, by being put to the wrong use, is turned to evil."

And now, indicating that the picture to follow was to give a brief outline view of the rise and fall of nations as they came and went after the flood during the ages, and indicating that he was ready, I looked; and language fails to describe the engaging panorama that passed before my wondering gaze.

Millenniums seemed to be compressed into moments. Things put down in history as jots rose to the altitude and magnitude of mountains, convincing me that all things will some time be seen in their true proportions, and some things counted small will swing in great orbits of glory.

Looking adown the deep vistas of ages, I saw the once glory-crowned peaks of ancient civilizations; the kingdoms, principalities, and powers of bygone ages. The Medo-Persian kingdom, pompous, bleareyed, and vicious, was easily identified. Greece, clad in all the glorious habiliments of culture and refinement; Rome, the mightiest of all in splendid resources of physical power, stood high above the rest in this respect; but each bearing the mark of some distinguishing characteristic carried to its utmost perfection, challenged admiration.

Suddenly there was a crash. The picture was marred and shrouded in darkness. A noise like the

rumble of distant thunders rolled nearer, and became more terrifying, until it seemed as though millstones were falling flat on the floor beside the telescope. The tower tottered from top to base, and becoming so disconcerted and frightened, I had ceased to look; but the Son of Time now raising his hand in reassurance, I resumed.

The whole scene had changed. The towering peaks of these past civilizations were in awful eruption. Black smoke and livid flames climbed up each other's sides in ascending circles toward the clouds. Vivid lightnings flashed from peak to peak, and rending thunders roared between, while great rivers of seething, hissing, leaping lava plowed deep gorges down the mountainsides, until all was leveled, and disappeared from view.

After a few moments, which I needed for reflection, the Son of Time remarked as follows: "My Son, what you have just seen is not only the fate of kingdoms in the past, but it will be the fate of all kingdoms in any age of the world, unless they are founded upon *the Rock.* There is only one kingdom against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; and since it is time that you were finding out which one that is, and the means by which it is to be established, here is a little aftermath which should be suggestive to all peoples, kindreds, and tongues, when the survivors of the present conflagration start out to build again. Then, again handing me the end of the flexible cord, he commanded me to look and listen.

Putting it to my ear, and still looking, I saw columns of people moving from all quarters of a

newly built city located in a once-deserted plain of desolation. I soon discovered that they were assembling at a beautiful church, which had recently been erected by the pious survivors of the recent scourge which had swept the face of the land. They all seemed eager to reach the church on time, and were succeeding in that attempt, as the face of the clock in the church tower then indicated that it was ten minutes of eleven.

Among the last to arrive was the pastor. At his approach, a narrow opening was cleared in front of the door, and many tipped their hats in kindly greeting as he passed on toward the steps, followed closely by those outside; while restrained and muffled tones of enchanting music crept from the great organ.

Instantly the walls of the church disappeared from view, while the splendid roof remained as if suspended in the air. This gave me a full side view of the immense congregation now occupying every foot of available space. As the pastor entered the pulpit, the first stroke of the clock sounded, and all heads instantly bowed in silent prayer until the strokes finished, which was something more than a half-minute. It was the most beautiful scene I had ever witnessed. The solemn and well-timed tones of the clock in the church tower were in some way responded to by delicate intermitting touches of notes from the organ, indicating and aiding the response of devoted hearts to the call of the hour and the occasion.

There was no sign of pious pretense, but a spontaneous, worshipful spirit pervaded the entire

assembly. A few soft strains from the organ followed the last stroke of the clock, then the preacher arose, and read the following hymn:

O where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord, thy Church is living yet,
A thousand years the same.

We mark her goodly battlements
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy Church, O God,
Though earthquake shocks have threatened her,
And tempests raged abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the world—
A house not made with hands.

In the main, the words were familiar, with only slight changes here and there; but the music was unlike anything I had ever heard. The short prelude of the organ thrilled the audience, and seemed to loosen every tongue and voice. Great swelling notes of melody moved in masterful waves, that lifted minds and hearts far above the passing, perishing things of earth, into the secret place of the Most High, for the renewing of strength and the deepening of spiritual life.

Had I the ability, and were sure that space would permit, I should be glad to give an outline of the sermon that followed, but one can well imagine the kind it would be, and the general impression such a

service would make upon the minds and hearts of the people. The Son of Time gave me to understand that this scene was not only to show the changed attitude of people generally after the great wars of the past, but that it was prophetic of that greatest and most radical change that is to come over the sons of men when the present world war is ended. For, said he:

"The now draws near when the coming kingdom of the Son of God shall be established in power and glory where now lies the ashes of disintegrating empires, and the survivors of all kindreds and tongues shall bring forth the royal diadem and crown Him Lord of all;" and while I did not understand him to mean that reference was made to the visible, bodily coming of Christ at this time, yet I was so fully assured that the reign of righteousness, with peace on earth and good will to men, is soon to cover the world of humanity as the waters cover the sea, that for several minutes I was absorbed in glorious contemplation of the new age that is soon to dawn—so much so, that without my knowing it, and with no word of warning, I discovered that the Son of Time had departed. On looking to see, I found it was forty minutes past midnight.

## CHAPTER VII

### CHRIST CRUCIFIED ON WEDNESDAY

Pastoral duties claimed a goodly portion of my time during the next few days, and being so occupied with these, and anxious to spend what time I might in writing, I was not aware of how fast the week was passing, when one night in my study, I was startled by the presence of another visitor.

He informed me that he was the fourth Son of Time, that his name was Wednesday, and that before leaving the Archives his brother, Friday, had requested him to render such assistance as I needed in carrying on the work. I was pleased to note the same willingness and evident ability in him that I had found in the former.

Not only so, but he seemed to understand the stage I had reached in the writing, and some of the difficulties which I had encountered, which he said was because of prevailing customs and prejudiced opinions; and for that reason, said he, "My brother, Friday, on noting the records of Monday at the Archives, desired that I should go with you for a review of things you had not well understood, and since you seem willing and ready to see, we will proceed at once to the tower."

At the mention of the word, there followed quick intermissions of darkness and soft shimmering light; then a brief pause of peculiar sensation, fol-

lowed with a clearing of vision which revealed that we were in the tower; and putting his hand to the telescope, and lightly swinging it to the east window, he said:

"From this window you are to glimpse some of the closing events of the second two-thousand-year period of the sons of Adam;" giving me to understand, however, that the general trend of humanity had oscillated and wavered through intermitting moods of progress and retrogression, with now and now, some swelling tides of hope for better things in pious improvement, and that always, when people had shown a disposition to forsake their evil ways and return to the keeping of God's statutes, they had prospered in temporal affairs, but said he: "It grieves our Heavenly Father that no nation in all the eons has yet been able to stand prosperity. Jeshurum waxed fat and kicked, and that has been the history of the nations until now."

And, still resting his hand upon the telescope, he went on to say:

"My Son, your constitutions; yea, even your late declarations say that governments exist for the protection of life and property. Even so, My Son, but ask them whose life, and whose property? And they all with one accord begin to answer, *'mine.'* And thus it is that your nations move forth and back on planes not far removed from brutes; and it will so continue as long as the sons of men defy God's plans and spit their wickedness in the face of our sister. She alone is the keeper of peace, prosperity, and protection for all the sons of men, and all who would possess these must possess her, but failing to

reverence and possess her, they heap unto themselves dynamite that shall finally destroy by explosion. That was what happened as you were beholding the ancient nations in all their glory, when it seemed that millstones fell on the floor and shook the tower.

"My Son, I will name you seven dangerous sons who are more destructive and more to be feared than all the combined armies and navies of the world; yea, even more than submarines; and yet, they are going loose in every town and country of the world. They burn houses; they raise all the quarrels; they gather armies; they work destruction and death even upon the innocent; for, while they may not always commit the murder themselves, yet they lay hand upon him who does it, and force him, whether he be one of them or not; so they are responsible for the crime.

"You are not yet ready to learn the name of their mother. She is What Ails the World. You shall see her later, and learn her name also, but here are the names of some of her terrible sons: E. N. Mity, R. E. Venge, P. R. Ide, M. A. Lice, J. E. Alousy, E. N. Vy, and P. R. Ofanity. These are not near all, but knowing these, you can very well detect the others whenever you see them. One, H. A. Tred, has frequently been seen working with them harmoniously, but at other times he denies being their brother, and would perhaps disown their mother also. Anyway, the seven named above are always dangerous, much more so than men with smallpox or dogs with hydrophobia. And yet, P. R. Ofanity has much liberty, and is sometimes fondled

by apparently respectable people. A woman once phoned her neighbor, saying: Look out, there's a mad dog in town. Throwing down the receiver quickly, she ran to the door, crying out: Children, children, run in quick; there's a mad dog in town. Later another neighbor phoned, saying: Did you know that 'Cusser' was to speak in the grove today? Then she made haste again, saying: Hurry up, children, and get ready to go to the grove, we must not be late, like we are sometimes at church.

"Son of Adam, you show surprise at such, because you say you have never had time to attend the picnics on a campaign year, and hear the 'cussing contest' between the most famous and successful candidates, and yet you sit in your study at midnight and groan, 'What Ails the World?' Be not surprised; lift up your eyes, and see. A public sentiment that exalts wickedness and fills offices with swearers and drunkards, will also fill hades with wrecked and ruined kingdoms; and but for the mercy of God and the virtue of some who are the salt of the earth, destruction had come long before now."

And now, signifying that he was ready, and directing my attention to the telescope, I soon recognized scenes in the closing days of Judaism, on past the prophetic times of pleading and promise. Jerusalem with its splendid temple stood in the center of the picture, while synagogs dotted the distances here and there. Scribes, Pharisees, and hypocrites were busy, going to and fro, and making merchandise of God's houses and worship.

I was reciting such incidents as I recognized in the history of that period. God in His great love now manifested Himself in the person of His Son, born in a manger at Bethlehem. Twelve years later He is in the temple for confirmation as a son of the law; eighteen years later he applies to John for consecration to His office and ministry, which resulted in the mobilization of more devils in Palestine than anybody thought were in existence anywhere. Through the envy of bigoted priests and prejudiced Pharisees, who were jealous of their own reputation because the common people heard Him gladly, He was subjected to the fiercest, furious darts of diabolic, clandestine intrigue.

For three and a half years He goes on His thorny way, amid the insults and assaults of a proud and perverse generation. Now they arrest Him in Gethsemane at midnight, and hale Him to a mock trial before daylight. It was the early morning before their Passover, which as many knew was already one day late, and they must hurry to slay Him, that they may eat that eve. A mob is leading Him out from Jerusalem. They halt, and three crosses are erected—Ah, it is Golgotha!

At the mention of the word, I lost the view, and quickly turning to see what the trouble might be, the Son of Time, having let go the telescope, was leaning against the east wall of the tower with his face in his hands. His body quivered in pain, and I heard the thud of great convulsive sobs thumping like the water pumps of mighty engines, every stroke of which sent a tremor through the tower.

Not knowing what else to do, I stood in almost breathless silence. Darkness in almost smothering, strangling torrents was pouring into the room, like water coming through crevices under compression; whereupon, Wednesday cried out:

"Shine on, O King of Day; it is finished."

At this the darkness disappeared, the great sobs subsided, and the tower ceased to tremble. In a few moments he straightened himself up, as though out of weakness made strong; whereupon, with awe and trepidation, I inquired, "What was it?" He frankly answered, "I can not tell you; you were not there, and even if you had been, you could not tell it. No, nor could all the languages of Time and Eternity." Then, continuing, he said:

"I was there, because it was my turn to be on my watchings; even the day that the sun was veiled and the earth shook and the vail of the temple was rent in twain. I sought to hide my face, and the Heavenly Father said: Lest the sons of Adam look their wicked gaze into the face of my expiring Son, even while He makes atonement for their sin, be veiled, thou King of Day; and darkness covered the sun, to hide Him from their view. And you must understand, My Son, and be not misled by some who smartly say, it was an eclipse. Yea, if they were half as smart as they would have you think, they would know it was the time of the full moon, being the time of the Passover; and no eclipse like that was possible. Give thou no heed to such foolish smartness."

And so saying, he lightly pushed the telescope, and it returned to its place of keeping.

I was very much interested in one of the above remarks, by which I understood him to mean that Christ was crucified on Wednesday; and was awaiting the first opportunity to ask more particularly about that; for I must confess that all the attempts by commentaries to explain how the body of Jesus lay in the sepulcher three days and three nights, had never been satisfactory.

If the body was placed in the sepulcher about sunset on Friday, as they contend, and He arose early Sunday morning, as they further contend, then the time of lying in the sepulcher could be only two nights and one day, which falls far short of the three days and three nights repeatedly mentioned in the Bible. And seeing I was interested in this, he referred to Matthew 12:40, where it is found that our Savior himself said that, as Jonah spent three days and three nights in the great fish, so He should remain three days and three nights in the earth; all of which he proceeded to explain as follows:

"Now, concerning this fish and Jonah story, many of your scholarly critics have raised great objection during the ages, and in trying to make a great show of their scientiflic knowledge they have really displayed their great ignorance. They have said that the structure of a whale's mouth and throat makes it impossible for him to swallow a grown man. Such scholarly ones should be careful enough to examine the structure of their own mouths and eyes and ears. For neither Jonah nor the Redeemer say it was a whale. They both said it was a great fish, or sea monster; and Jonah said it was specially prepared for that purpose.

"Your translators had a whale in their minds, so they put it in the writings, and thus your critics have labored to prove an absurdity, which, if they had been as smart as they think, they would have known is not in the Bible at all.

"But those who try to discredit the Jonah and fish story, also display their ignorance of history. A shark fifteen feet long has been found in the stomach of a cachalot. Another ejected masses of food from his stomach eight feet long and six feet in diameter when dying. Such a monster would have no difficulty in swallowing a man. But they say the gastric juices would kill a man in a few minutes, or he would die of suffocation. But that leaves God out of the transaction, which some are vainly seeking to do; for the fact is, He was very much in the whole affair; but even if Jonah had died, the miracle of bringing him to life again would be no greater than giving him life at the first, or raising Lazarus from the dead, either.

"My Son, the plain truth is your critics really seem unwilling to allow that Almighty God can do what they themselves now boast of doing every day. Your nations are now preparing and operating sea monsters that go from ocean to ocean, carrying fifteen or twenty men, and tons of amunition. Why could not God prepare one for Jonah to go in three days and nights, if necessary to save a ruined city? They allow that they can go in submarines to kill; but deny that God could send Jonah in one to save. They should quit saying their foolish talk.

"And now, since you are interested in the question of dates and times, you will be interested in

knowing that, owing to the changes that have been made in your calendar, the old date of the Redeemer's death has changed places with the date of His birth, indicating, although through no human purpose, that He came to be more alive by dying than He ever could have been by living." And seeing that this statement puzzled me no little, he proceeded to explain further:

"Many of your people know not the history of their own calendar, much less the Jewish. Julius Caesar started the changes more than two score years before the Redeemer was born, but it remained for your English people to make the change aforementioned, when their year 1751, instead of ending on March 24 as aforetime, was made to end on December 31, as now. Therefore, the old style twenty-fifth of March, which was the crucifixion day, became the new style January 1, which is His birthday; while the year 1751 had no days of January nor February, nor the first twenty-four days of March.

"Moreover, your calendar fixers intercalated eleven days in between September 2 and 14; for none of the sons of Time, nor the daughter of Time, went on their goings in those days according to the numbers. But by this intercalation of days in 1752, the crucifixion day falls on April 6, instead of March 25, as it did previous to 1752. But, My Son, you may keep this in mind: Calendars may be changed forward or backward, even to the extent of making one's birthday the day of his death, or the reverse, as was the case when Time was born again, as your present calendar indicates; and even the

earth may stand still on its axis, as it did in the time of Joshua; but there is no variation in the clock of our mother, nor in our goings to bring the records in; for even when our sister was delayed in coming, she brought the records of Sunday, and went from the Archives again after remaining her usual time.

"And now, My Son, with this said, it becomes my further duty to admonish you that, whether you know much about your calendar or not, you would do well to search the Scriptures to find out what they say, instead of relying so much on what the critics say. Your Bible does not say that the Redeemer was crucified on Friday. True, Mark says it was on the day before the Sabbath. But which Sabbath?

"The Jews had other Sabbaths besides their seventh-day Sabbath, as they called it. You are plainly told that the first day of the Passover week was always a Sabbath, no matter on what day of the week it came. The fifteenth of Nisan was a great annual Sabbath. (See Exodus 12:16; Leviticus 23:7; Numbers 28:16-18.) And the day before that was a great day of preparation. John plainly tells you that the Redeemer was crucified on the day of *preparation for the Passover.*

"When some of your astronomers figured it out that the Passover that year came on Wednesday, many said, Scientists seek a quarrel with the Bible. Nay, My Son, they were confirming the Bible, though perchance neither they nor the others had eyes to see it, plain as it is. However, the records of the Archives show there was some difference of

opinion that year as to when the moon was full. The officials said it was a day later than the time some had counted from their first seeing the new moon. Many of the common people, including the Redeemer and his disciples, understood that it was due on Tuesday; for some of them had seen the previous new moon a day sooner than the officials had recorded it, and the days were to be counted from the time it was seen. This difference of opinion partly accounts for the coming of such multitudes to Jerusalem that year before the time; that they might know the final decision.

"Strange as it may seem, there was a Providence in this confusion. The officials, of course, persisted in keeping the day they had set, while Christ and his disciples quietly repaired to the place they had arranged, and ate the Passover after sunset of Tuesday, or, according to their way of reckoning time, on the first eve of Wednesday. Later, they retired to Gethsemane, where he was arrested at midnight, hurried through a disgraceful trial, and led off next day to be crucified.

"And thus it came to pass that, at the very hour when the Lamb of God was pouring out His blood on Calvary, 256,500 lambs were being slain in Jerusalem for the official Passover; and thus the blood of both the type and antitype were covered by the darkness of that tragic hour on the Wednesday that had two nights, when Christ was crucified.

"So, you see, when you take what the Bible really says, namely: that Christ was crucified on the day of *preparation for the Passover,* which that year came on Wednesday, according to the official reck-

oning, though astronomers admit that Tuesday was a possible legal date, then that he was placed in the sepulcher about sunset Wednesday eve, and as Matthew 28:1 says, rose from the grave late in the end of Saturday, "as it was getting dusk toward the first day Sabbath (te epiphoskouse eis mian Sabbaton), we have precisely three days and three nights that his body lay in the earth, and there is no need of any makeshift, far-drawn conclusions about it."

* * * * *

Instead of making a footnote, which I have often thought could just as well be avoided, I beg the pardon of my readers for saying here that one reason why this book was not published a year sooner, was because I wanted more time to test such matters as the foregoing. This I have endeavored to do, both by careful and extensive research, and by the use of some ingeniously devised formulas for ascertaining the day of the week of any date during the past two thousand years, all of which has only confirmed my confidence in the facts related.

Those who question the time of the resurrection as here related, should bear in mind that, while it is stated that the sepulcher was visited next morning, evidently by two groups, according to previous arrangement, yet it is not stated that he arose at that time, but that he had already arisen; and the only ones mentioned as witnessing the earthquake, the rolling away of the stone, and the fleeing of the soldiers, is the group which, according to the Greek text of Matthew, went "as it was getting

dusk" on Saturday eve, and reached the sepulcher at the moment of the resurrection.

* * * * *

Some of my readers, like myself at first, may be impatient to know what all this has to do with What Ails the World; and while I am not permitted to give a premature answer, I may say that part of the trouble is a lack of certitude in the minds of people, whose faith has been shaken by erroneous opinions of so-called contradictions, mainly the result of superficial reading and study; but all having a tendency to lower our estimate of the emphasis to be placed on certain great principles. And for this reason the Son of Time explains and applies one of the most difficult and misunderstood prophetic utterances of the Bible, as follows:

"The confusion among your writers concerning the seventy weeks of Daniel, and the period to which it refers, arises from their overlooking the time of our sister, Sabbath. The seventy years of captivity which the Jews were then closing, were for the time of our sister which they had desecrated; and now, when they seek to know the time until the coming of the Messiah, they are told that from the going forth of the decree to rebuild Jerusalem, it is to be seven weeks and sixty-two weeks of years, and that in the midst of the seventieth week, Messiah the Prince is to be cut off.

"Now, as you well understand, there were several decrees issued about this same time, and many have been puzzled to know which one should be reckoned from. But, My Son, if they would look closely, there should be no doubt about this. The Cyrus decree

was the first of all, and was the basis of all the other decrees; namely, all the other decrees were given in accordance with, and for the express purpose of carrying out, the Cyrus decree.

"Moreover, God had revealed the name and mission of Cyrus to another of the prophets long before he was born, saying: 'He is my shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure: even saying to Jerusalem, thou shalt be built; and to the temple, thy foundation shall be laid—I have raised him up—he shall build my city.' All of which shows that the time must be reckoned from the Cyrus decree.

"But it came to pass, that when the sixty-nine weeks of years were ended, being 483 years, many said, Where is the Messiah who was to come? For he did not come at that time. So they found fault with the prophets; not knowing the saying that, With what measure ye give, it shall be measured to you again; which was true before it was ever said.

"You see, in making their plans to attend to their affairs and have their pleasures, and even to fight their great battles, they counted the goings of our sister for naught, except as many thought to carouse in greater folly, and, because of their disregard of our sister's time, the coming of the Messiah was measured back to them by the same rule; even by adding the time of our sister to the 483 years. Thus you see that the time of our sister must be reckoned with, sooner or later, and the duty is hereby laid upon you as never before, and likewise upon all who may read this, to let the world know that God's Holy Sabbath Day, now known as the first day of the week, must be properly observed.

"You must remember, however, that this time is to be reckoned, not to the birth of Christ, but to the time of his consecration by John, when God said, This is my Son; and that was the beginning of the last week or seven-year period, in which he confirmed the covenant with many, and in the midst of which, being three and one-half years, and literally in the midst of the week, namely, on Wednesday, he was crucified; even in the midst of the week following the Palm Sunday of his triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

"The remaining three and a half years of this seventy-week period extend to the time of the Gentiles, when the household of Cornelius, and others there assembled, were received into the Church by Peter; and although charges were brought against him for this unheard-of procedure, and a trial ensued at Jerusalem, yet when he related the circumstances connected with the incident, they found naught against him."

When the Son of Time finished this exposition, and showed how it applied to the time indicated, I had to confess that it was the clearest and most satisfactory I had ever seen, and that the new emphasis thus laid upon the proper observance of the Sabbath was overwhelmingly convincing; whereupon, he seemed greatly pleased, and then, reminding me of my duty henceforth as never before, and the duty of all to whom this book may come, to do our utmost in laying upon the heart of the world the absolute necessity of a proper observance of the Sabbath, Wednesday forthwith returned to the Archives.

## CHAPTER VIII

### SEEING THE EARTH OUTSIDE-IN

The next day being Thursday, found me with many things demanding personal attention outside of my study, including a round of visiting; all of which, I suppose, was performed in my usual way; but there was scarcely a moment in which I was free from the consciousness of a Presence that was thrilling and awe-inspiring—a Presence which seemed to give me a better understanding of everything I saw or could think of—a Presence which seemed to bring me into closer fellowship and communion with everything in Nature, and a Presence which seemed to gather up all useful things into one harmonious whole, whether natural or supernatural. For, after all, is it not true that all useful things are as much the one as the other?

Is it not true that even now we are living as much in the midst of the supernatural, invisible world as we will ever be? And the reason why we do not see it and hear it is because we are so in the habit of depending entirely on the physical eye and the physical ear. We seem to forget, it is not the eye that sees, nor the ear that hears. We look out *through* the eye, we listen out through the ear. It is the me, myself, that sees and hears and feels.

Men commonly speak of having a soul. One of old said, I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much

goods laid up for many years; take thine ease; eat—Eat what? Shucks? Drink—Drink what? Fodder? Poor man, to think his soul could thrive on such. And God said, "Thou foolish one, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." No wonder at that.

No, No, my friend; you have no soul. I have no soul. I *am* a soul. You *are* a soul. That is *you*, yourself. You have a body. You live in that body during this earthly period of probation, but you are a soul, and you are now living as much in the presence of God, and as much in the midst of the spiritual world as you will ever be. For so we are told in Hebrews 12.

"Ye are come unto Mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant," etc.

Note particularly here, this is spoken of as a fact that has already taken place (proseleluthate, *ye have come*), and it is to this that the "Wherefore seeing we are compassed about" of the first verse points, as well as to the preceding chapter. Thus we see that the invisible kingdom of God is no further from us than the thickness of the skin of our eyeballs, and the great gulf that finally lies between the righteous and the wicked, and over which it seems that none can then ever pass, may not be so much a gulf of distance as one of difference.

It was in meditation upon such thoughts as these that I had used what time I might during the hours

of Thursday, not knowing, nor feeling impatient to know, just how the remaining part of this story would proceed. My chief concern was that I might be ready and, standing somewhere at the line, touch hands with today, that my frail recorder might catch whatever message would be useful for tomorrow.

It was with this desire that I entered my study on Thursday night, and rising more and more to the ascendancy, as the hours went tripping by, until the flame of its passion seemed to consume every intervening obstacle, and I felt perfectly willing to see things as they really are; then it was that I was conscious of the communing Presence, which carried me back to the strange little room in the tower at the head of the winding stairway, where the Son of Time began as follows:

"We are now approaching the final stage of our search for What Ails the World, but before entering upon that, I want you to well understand the things we have seen already, which are as follows:

1. *We found that God is the Creator, Preserver, and Present Owner of all this big, wonderful machine.*

2. *That He has a definite purpose in its running, namely: Human happiness and the Divine glory.*

3. *That all who persist in ignoring His purpose, must, sooner or later, remove out of its way.*

Then continuing, he said: "Whether it be a man or a set of men; whether it be principalities or powers; kingdoms or commonwealths; unless they recognize His ownership, and strive to carry out

His purposes, they must sooner or later remove out of the way.

"This is the law, plainly announced in the Writings, and the history of nations is the proof of its unfailing operation. The flood was a great climax instance of this fact, and when God said He would not again destroy (wipe off) the world with water, He knew then it would never again be necessary. He once rained fire and brimstone on Sodom, but, My Son, you need not suppose He will ever have that to do again; for the nations of the world are now well prepared for that performance themselves, and even now are raining it on each other more to their own satisfaction than ever God could to His. For He is grieved, and doubtless as of old, is saying in his weeping: O kingdoms and empires, how oft would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her brood under her wing, and ye would not.

"The antediluvians had fifteen hundred years of God's sunshine and showers, bursting seeds from winter's shell, and painting fragrant flowers; showing equal favor to the lofty and the low, on the just and the unjust their rich blessings to bestow; but failing to recognize His plans and conform to His purposes, they destroyed themselves, and had to be washed from the face of the earth in order to give someone else the use of forces which they had only wasted, and that continually. For, as the Great Teacher said: 'Unto everyone that hath (used properly what he had), to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not (used properly what he had), shall be taken away, even that which he hath.'

"Israel had the keeping of God's kingdom for ages; but they made merchandise of His house, desecrated His Holy Sabbath, and profaned His name and sacred altars. So, it was taken from them and turned over to the Gentiles, who from then to now have been the custodians of the vineyard whose fruitage is designed to feed and make glad the hungry, starving world; but thus far, what have you done?"

I must confess that the keenness and directness of this question was withering; for certain it is, that so far as recognizing the Divine ownership of the world is concerned, and undertaking to run it according to God's plans and purposes, it has scarcely been the aim of one man in a thousand of the earth's inhabitants. But he continued:

"Many nows our sister, Sabbath, has heard your congregations saying, Thy kingdom come, when she was there with them in the church, and she was glad to bring the records in; but when Tuesday came with his records and we all ran to see, they showed that many of these same sons of Adam had voted that very day for the profanest public blasphemers in the race; thereby giving the lie to their own prayers in the church; for they very well know that Christ's spiritual kingdom can not flourish under the rulership of the wicked. Not only so, My Son, but your nations seem to be very shy of making any confession of faith whatever in the Redeemer, and by some of their constitutions they even expel his Word from the schools of their children; saying, It is 'sectarian.' (Mercy on us!)

"Now, My Son, in order to open the way a little further toward What Ails the World, here are three stepping-stones over which you may come, by placing your foot carefully on each at a now.

1. *There will never be a clash of arms, unless there is first a clash of words.*

2. *There will never be a clash of words, unless there is first a clash of ideas.*

3. *Ideas are the result of education.*

Without the shadow of a doubt, I could see that these three steps landed us into a clearer atmosphere, whether the climate were better or not, and now I was eager to survey this newly discovered land, when he further led the way as follows:

"Many of your leading nations have been drifting along on the foaming crest of a popular wave, sharing in the delusion that it was a great blessing to be provided with free, higher state institutions for their children, where they could be educated on somewhat broader and more practical lines, and not be influenced by any particular tenets of religion. Their idea is—and they have heard it many a time from what was considered good authority; their idea is that education consists in bringing out and developing what is in the child and training the mind and body in such things as will be most useful to him.

"My Son, the whole world is now beginning to see the harvest that is to be reaped from this false idea of education. They overlook the fact that nothing can ever come out of a child, except that which has first been put in him. True education, therefore, is not merely the acquiring of some knowledge of the arts and sciences, and the training of the

mind and body; but it is mainly the embedding of ideas and ideals that are fit, worthy, and safe to dominate the whole life of the individual and society.

"Your teachers of old have well said that knowledge is power; so is dynamite also, and a very dangerous thing unless properly handled. Better by far it is to have no knowledge at all, than to have it and not be disposed to use it properly. So, after all, the only safe and practical education is the kind that is willing and able to assume responsibility for the *disposition* of the student. If it means to stop short of that, then it has no right to go a single inch."

If the reader has any doubt about the force and truth of the foregoing paragraph, then I beg that it be read again, carefully. It is true, as sure as we are here, and some plan should be devised by which every educational institution in the land would be made to feel its responsibility in this respect. But the Son of Time continued this most convincing argument as follows:

"All national conflict can be traced to the difference in ideals that have been inculcated by education, either in the schools or by the atmosphere of the society under which it has been produced; and so long as there are two or more standards of education, containing different ideals, conflict is sure to be encountered sooner or later.

"Therefore, according to the law of expediency, even the law to which warring nations frequently resort, there should be only one standard of education, embodying one standard of ideals, and operated not according to the law of 'live and let live,' but

according to the higher and more enduring law of *live and help live;* and until such a standard is agreed upon and adopted, neither constitutions, nor treaties, nor armaments, can ever give any permanent security to life or property.

"Now, My Son, the only such perfect standard ever set forth on this earth is that given by the Teacher sent from God, and not only the perfect standard, but the power also to carry it out; and while many so admit and confess, yet they continue to fondle and support institutions whose standard of ideals is dominated by atheists, blasphemers, and infidels; saying, It is broad and cheap. But they deceive themselves and their children; for it is neither, and they will find that out before they have finished paying the bills.

"Many such so-called broad schools, even in America, dominated by imported pernicious ideals, have proudly boasted that they do not teach religion; that they teach only the great essentials of education; and many parents have proudly answered back:

> " 'Thank you, My Dear, Adorable Miss Modernity,
> Thou coming apostle of big and broad fraternity;
> We hail thy flowing garments and silk phylacteries,
> And crown thee Queen of onward moving centuries.

" 'Beneath thy groaning towers our children shall walk in freedom's air untrammeled, and within thy polished walls shall come no sound of doctrines, save on such great and mighty questions as the evolution of tadpoles to frogs and wiggletails to mosquitoes.

Yea, upon such weighty matters, no doubt shall here remain.'

"And so it has come to pass that because 'they did not like to retain God in their knowledge,' they have chipped off a little here and a little there, gradually eliminating the idea of God from the educational system, and thus preparing the way to leave God out of their thoughts, out of their plans, out of their purposes, and out of life itself, until 'God gave them over to a reprobate mind,' to work all manner of wickedness; full of envy, murder, deceit; haters of God and proud boasters of their evil inventions against humanity and righteousness.

"Not only so, My Son, but even some of your church schools of theology, buoyed on by the crest of this same popular Berlinian wave of broad and bigoted egotism, have become so vain in the learnedness of their reasonings that their foolish hearts have been darkened, and in the denseness of their self-inflicted blindness they have laid violent hand upon the Word of God, and caused many to stumble."

These paragraphs reverberated like peals of terrible thunders. I must admit it is an awful picture of the tendency of public sentiment concerning educational ideals in this our time, but no more so than the ripening harvest which such sowing has brought forth. But he continued:

"You should now begin to see that all this calamity befalling the nations is no strange and inscrutable providence of God, nor is it all to be charged up to the devil, thereby excusing men from blame, for while the devil once succeeded in upsetting the world by deceiving Eve and Adam, you must remember

that he was then dealing with a humanity that had had neither experience nor observation; but that is not the case with the nations now at war. Ages of history are back of them. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.

"Therefore, even as found in your Scriptures, 'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God: for God can not be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man: but every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust. Then when lust hath conceived, it gives birth to sin, and sin when it comes to maturity bringeth forth death.' All this, My Son, you saw from the second window of the tower, when first there appeared the cloud of friction, then afterwards the lightning which destroyed the order and beauty of the world.

"My Son, you should see from the Scriptures just mentioned that sin is only a symptom of What Ails the World. A wise physician is not content with knowing his patient has fever or headache, but he seeketh to know the cause of it, even the primary cause; for only then will he be able to treat his case successfully. Even so in your treatment of What Ails the World. Much time has been lost treating symptoms, and the world little bettered thereby.

"If it be said that sin comes from depravity, then you must find what depravity comes from. Many thoughtlessly answer: Depravity is caused by sin. And thus they contradict themselves, even as the infidel saith; for in the one case they say depravity is the result of sin, and in the other case they say sin is the result of depravity. So, there is bad confusion. Or, if some say that sin and depravity, by

some means or other, made their appearance about the same time in the case of Adam and Eve, who before that were neither sinful nor depraved, then you must seek to find what 'means' it was that caused sin and depravity, either together, or one after the other; and as this whole process is on record, there is no need of doubt about it.

"You will plainly see that the first approach of the serpent to Eve was on a question as to what God had taught. He first sought to discredit God's teaching in her estimation; then he sought to substitute his own erroneous teaching as better suited to her present need; and by this injection of an erroneous idea, in place of the true idea which God had set forth, the whole course of human life was deranged, and has continued so by a similar method until now."

This reminded me of a rainy Sabbath afternoon, when as a boy I went to "Sunday School" and neither superintendent nor teachers came. How often I have wished I had never known some things I heard that day in the conversation of the older boys under a tree in the yard. The devil's teachers were there, but the others were absent.

But he continued as follows:

"Your scientists have at last found out that the indulgence of certain angry passions and tempers precipitates a poisonous fluid into the system, which if not soon removed produces bodily sickness; so likewise, the effervescings of fermentation in corrupt society may accumulate until, under the friction of varying purposes and ideas, the whole social or political body, as the case may be, sickens unto

its death. Nor is a so-called Christian nation any more exempt from such consequences than a heathen nation. Indeed, there are many reasons why a so-called Christian nation may, by its wickedness, come more speedily to its destruction than a heathen nation. For, in addition to the jar and friction of contradictory motions between what they profess on the one hand and what they practice on the other hand, such nations are usually provided with greater 'leftover' facilities with which the more speedily to run their course; for, when once well cut loose from safe moorings, the momentum acquired by the cutting loose process speeds them on to quicker destruction. And thus it has come to pass during the eons, that some nations which had attained to the greatest height, sank back to deepest depths when they let go the straps by which they climbed."

And now, rising up quickly from where he was sitting, and casting hurried glances as if startled by something, the Son of Time said: "Look at that car coming."

Instantly I was looking up a long, broad avenue, crowded with men, women, and children, including infants in hand carriages pushed by mothers and nurses. As far as the eye could see were crossings at the usual distances apart. Suddenly the car appeared, and without a sound of gong or signal of any kind, it wantonly crushed its way through the columns at every crossing, and all along between the crossings, without pause or warning, ruthlessly demolished everything that chanced to be in the way.

Having longer time to observe the front of the engine as it approached, I noticed that it wore the head of an enormous lion, and as it dashed by I saw that its flying wheels were drenched with the blood of mangled bodies that were left quivering in the bespattered wake of its destruction.

The car passed out of sight, and, turning to me, the Son of Time said: "Did you notice the driver at the wheel, and the others in the car?"

I said: "No, except, since you ask, I recall that the driver was a woman, but I was so shocked at the destruction, I was not looking at the driver." Then said he:

"My Son, that brings us still nearer to What Ails the World. You did not look to see who was driving that car; you were so occupied with the destruction. So were others also; and thus the criminal passes on, but to return again in a few minutes; the same driver, although perchance in a different car; for she drives many cars of destruction, and you stand aghast, awestruck, and dumb, without ever looking for the driver or others in the car. But before we are through, you will know who that woman is; then you will understand why she is not arrested.

"Be not slow to understand, My Son, whether it be a pleasant thing to face or not, the car you saw with the great lion head in front and its mouth wide open, which you did not seem to observe, even this car of destruction is your liquor traffic, and the woman at the wheel is the most popular young lady on the face of the earth; and because of her great popularity and unbending will, although she has

been married several times to husbands still alive; she never changed her name to one; nor ceased her cars to drive. And all her sons, proud and self-willed as she, go by their own names, regardless of who their father was.

"She is adored by kings and czars and kaisers; by senators, congressmen, and counselors; yea, she receives the homage of priests and politicians; of state and church; for, since all the rest are so charmed with her captivating beauty and daring ways, even the church must yield to the sway of her mighty power. Her sons usually go with her on her raids of destruction, except when they have similar engagements of their own; but since I know that you, My Son, would tremble to utter her name in public, or send it out in print, I must withhold it until you are convinced that the culprit must be indicted and reformed. Pending the arrival of that stage, and to prevent the precipitation of premature indignation on the part of her many friends and admirers, you may call her, *The Mother of Abominations.*"

While the motive assigned was doubtless a wise and worthy one, yet I could not help feeling, as perhaps my reader does also, that this was a good time and place for her name to be known, lest it should get separated from this vivid picture of her occupation, and thereby detract from the weight of his accusation; for certain it is that one guilty of such depredations should be apprehended as soon as possible. But I was now learning to rely upon his judgment in such matters, and therefore hope that my reader will share in the same confidence.

And now, concerning the lion-headed car which the woman was driving, and which he said was the liquor traffic of the world, the Son of Time resumed as follows:

"My Son, long before the present doom fell upon the empires of Europe, they were warned that unless they could in some way master the drink business, it would soon master them. But how can they master it when they are all so in love with, and in many instances, married unto the woman who drives the machine? At the very time when the matter was being mildly and cautiously agitated, even the clericals, because they owned stock in the breweries, assembled with delegations in holy places, and by their vote of three to one ratified a contract between themselves and the lion-headed beast, in 1904, and thus delivered an awful blow to that institution designed to be the repository of truth and the molder of the national conscience.

"Is it any wonder, that a day has come for a clearing out and a cleaning up; for your Redeemer has said: 'Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away—Salt that has lost its savor is thenceforth good for nothing but to be cast out and to be trodden under foot of men.'

"The same is true of other nations whose devotion to the same dashing and captivating woman has seemed to justify them in giving her the right to drive the bloodstained wheels of her death-machine roughshod at such enormous speed over thousands of quivering human bodies and immortal souls. It is this same beast of waste which more than anything else has produced Sabbath desecra-

tion, irreverence, and disregard for law and order, together with contempt for authority, human and Divine; and in such an atmosphere, a generation approaching the very climax of impudent audacity has come to possess the earth in many lands. Not only a bold heathenism imported from other regions, but in many instances of your so-called modern civilization, a still more menacing type of home-raised infidelity that holds nothing sacred and vaunts itself in its own shame.

"Even some of your so-called statesmen boast of their blatant blasphemy, and flash their prating profanity into the faces of mothers, wives, and daughters, while some of your church members who pray, 'Thy kingdom come' on Holy Sabbath days, walk away, saying, That was fine; we must vote for him again! And the other saith, Me likewise. My Son, you may be well assured that this your sin of giving the lie to your prayers will be sure to find you out. I say again, find you *out*. And do not forget, that sometimes means *in*.

"Now, by all these things, you begin to see that the harvest of the earth is ripe. Not a harvest of righteousness and virtue which God can look upon with delight, but a harvest of full-grown and matured iniquity, a harvest of irreverence and disregard of holy things, a harvest of greed and selfishness and corruption which defies the pleadings of love and resists the warnings of prophets. Consequently, there is no hope for it. There is no other appeal that can be made. Nothing can be done with it except to let it pass through the fires of its own kindling, that it may be consumed from the face of

the earth. And so, even as the angel said, the nations are casting the sickel into each other to reap the harvest of desecration, intemperance, neglected opportunity, and sensuous living."

During a brief pause that followed here, some of these words seemed to echo back as from distant walls: "harvest of the world"—"cast in the sickel."

I shuddered. Does it mean that the United States will also be involved in this war?

The Son of Time remained silent. But from out that silence, as from distant walls, again came the echo of my very thoughts: "involved in this war." Whereupon, looking me straight in the face, he resumed as follows:

"My Son, art thou ready now to say that you and yours are not as these in far-off lands beyond the rolling seas? Close thy lips and let me speak, if thus I must be plain, and tell thee how it looks to me and mine, compared with these and thine. Waste is *waste*.

> "Whether it be under king or czar,
> That same woman is driving the car
> Whose trail marks awful desolation
> And sinks the world in tribulation
> By this hell-brewed abomination;
> And, *Waste is Waste.*

"My Son, according to the records of the Archives, the path of thine own nation is a path of waste and blood, for thou hast fed, fondled, and fattened this same lion-headed beast of destruction that you saw crushing columns of helpless men, women, and children a now ago. But because the driver is a popular beauty in the estimation of deluded people in all

lands, they say, 'Let 'er drive, feed 'im good, and give 'im good shelter and protection; even government lodging; that he may amuse and gratify our charming beauty, when she goes on her daily raids—this yet-unnamed Mother of Abominations.

"Then, when he comes in panting and foaming with sweat, because of the heavy pulling of his wheels through the slush and mire of human flesh and blood and bones and souls, as he always does, they rub him down and put their arms around him, saying: Good fellow, to run so fast and pull such heavy roads to please our woman. Be comforted, and take rest a while."

I must confess that these words went to the mark like quivering arrows in shimmering sunbeams, and especially as their first tones lashed back from against the walls of the Archives in abbreviated echoes as I had heard before, such as, "Let 'er drive"—"blood, bones, souls."

Instantly, there stood before me the most ravenous, hideous looking monster I ever beheld; but he was gaunt, hungry, and uneasy; rather crouching; but whether it was from fear, or to spring at his prey, I was not quite sure. The gleam from his eyes scintillated with ten thousand death arrows. I shuddered at his looks. And now, pointing to him, the Son of Time said:

"That is your American liquor traffic. His ration has been cut a little here and there, but he never looks well anyway except when the woman is along; and she is somewhat indisposed on account of the weather; in fact, he never gets anything to

eat unless she is along, as you will well understand when you learn who she is."

I now see that there is a world of meaning in these words, and hope that my readers will recall this statement when her name is given.

The monster disappeared from view, and in quick succession came the pictures of cities built with bloody brick and mortar, and streets paved with crushed human hearts and skulls; while splendid school buildings built with Dispensary money dotted the dizzy distances; and again I heard echoing from the walls of the Archives: "Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood."

Then, with a look of pleading appeal, the Son of Time continued:

"My Son, think not my words unkind, for he who warns thee strongest of impending danger is thy best and truest friend; and if thou art still well pleased to hear, I will lay before thee a parable which, though not seen heretofore by the eyes of men, yet is deep carved in the records of the Archives. I give it thus to thee that its meaning may apply.

*"To Those Whom It May Concern*:

"When your forefathers came to set foot on this new land of America, reserved for thousands of years as God's last and best place, for His last and best people, many of them said: We shall not carry the beast with us, nor any of his kittens, and thus we shall be rid of his waste and his keeping; for he shall not go with us to devour our children in that good land.

"But it came to pass after they had come, and even while they were unpacking, that one of the kittens of the beast was found among the stuff, and, being greatly surprised at this, many of them cried out: Break his neck from his body, lest he ruin us here also.

"But another answered, saying: Nay, nay; he is only a kitten; he can do us no harm. (Perhaps it was no more than a pint or quart bottle.) So, one took the kitten in his arms, and ran off to fondle him and lick his mouth (having removed the cork).

"But it came to pass on a certain day, as one of the sons was fondling the kitten, that the kitten scratched the son in both eyes, and bit his tongue while he was licking, and behold the son ran crying to his mother, saying strange and swollen words with his swollen tongue; and as the father was now returning, she saith to him: See here, our kitten bit Tom's tongue and scratched both his eyes. But the father replied: O well, it will heal. And the mother was comforted.

"But it came to pass on another day, as the sons were fondling the kitten, that he became enraged and turned upon two of them together, biting the tongue of one and scratching his eyes until he could not see what he was doing; then putting a stick in his hand, the kitten said, Strike. And not knowing or caring what he did, Tom struck; and behold the stick fell upon the head of his brother. Now as soon as they could, the two sons ran crying to their mother. She looked, and behold they were bleeding. Tom's tongue was swollen, both eyes nearly closed, and a gash on the other's head stood open to her

gaze; and she said: What hath befallen my sons? They said: The kitten; the kitten.

"Then taking them in her arms and binding up their wounds as best she could, even as the father was coming in at the door, she said: Look at this. What is it? said he. She answered: Our kitten did all this. Then looking at first one, then the other; and comparing the marks of circcumstantial evidence in a lawyer-like, logical way, he replied:

"Tom's tongue, maybe, the kitten bit,
And, perchance, his eyes did scratch,
But this big gash on William's head,
No claw of his could match. Selah.

"And this, My Son, has been the stupid logic of many fathers from then until now. Indeed the kitten did all the hurt, but the logic of the father was to cover his track; because he himself loved to feel the tingle of his tongue licking the mouth of the bottle.

"But his wife began to be unfriendly toward the kitten, for, said she, He wastes our sons and our money. So she chased him from where he sat on the sideboard, even running him from the house, and for many days he was in hiding somewhere. And it came to pass that the father rose up early, saying, Where is my kitten that I may fondle him? But he was nowhere to be found in the house; so the father went out to look, saying as he was going:

"My kitty, my kitty, come hither to me,
That I may fondle thee on my knee,
And tickle my tongue with a jubilee,
Like foaming waves of the rolling sea.

"Then coming at last to a hollow tree,
Down by the branch in a lonely wood,
He found his kitty, as scared as could be,
So, taking him up, he licked him good.

"In process of time, it came to pass that the sons also followed the fathers, even rising early and coming in late, because they were fascinated with fondling the kitten; and so it was that, in his hiding, he slew many more sons and even daughters. But when the fathers went out to look, they returned saying, We do not see the kitten's track slaying our daughters. He also slew and devoured many other things, but when the fathers returned from searching, they said: There is no track of the kitten doing it; it is the devil that did it, or Adam. So they went on fondling the kitten.

"But seeing his continued destructions, the mothers became enraged, and gathered stones to chase him from his hiding and to kill him. Then a man went running to the Governor, weeping and wailing as he was going, and saying: They are coming to kill my kitten that none may fondle him. What shall we do? Then your Governor said: Give me money, and I will protect and save your kitten.

"So they made haste to agree on the price of the revenue, and your Government threw its arms around the kitten and slammed its iron doors into the faces of the mothers, saying: *Let that kitten alone.* So the mothers had to cease from their chasing, and return to their homes with bowed heads and sad hearts; while all the sons of Belial and many of the sons of Ham shouted with great joy that the kitten was saved. Whereupon,

being thus well protected and cared for by the Government, the kitten fattened and grew to be a great cat, insomuch that, because of his new coat and loftier mount on Government wheels; authorized in human flesh to gloat, and crush beneath his iron heels; many said he is a lion; for so he was; and the lion did tear in pieces enough for his whelps, and strangled for his lionesses, and filled his holes with prey, and his dens with ravin (Nahum 2:12).

"Then the sons of Belial and the sons of Ham said: It is not good for the lion to be alone; let us make him a companion and helpmeet; for some might thirst to fondle him after his door is closed for licks. Therefore they took a rib from the side of the lion, to make him a companion in his destructions; for, since he was mainly authorized to waste in daylight, she could be the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and thus they would help each other. So they called her name Tiger, and she was blind. But what is that to the sons of Belial? Have they not optists who can supply all their needs?

"So they forthwith sent for the optist, who took the right eye of the lion and placed it in the right socket of the tiger, and now, standing her up by the left side of the lion, lo and behold, she winked, and then he winked. So they went forth side by side from the hands of their creators, she on his left and he on her right, that each might always see the other wink, which he frequently did at sundown before his door was closed, and thus she prepared to continue the work at night. Whereupon some of the high sons of Belial said the new system was *'a great moral institution.'*

"But it came to pass that, after a season of hearing such words and watching the operations of the beast, the mothers said, It is no better. It is the same kitten; only he has grown to be a great cat, then to a lion and a tiger together, and the feed bill is increasing continually; for all of his goings are red with the blood of our sons and daughters; and while many were glad for the revenue which lightened the taxes of the rich, and provided free schools for their children, others said that three billion dollars a year was too much cost for cat-feed, to say nothing of the other damages he wrought. For they were now beginning to see that, purely from a financial point of view, the liquor revenue proposition was like unto a man poking a five-dollar bill into the fire in order to get one dollar out.

"So it came to pass, in process of time, after many attempts on the part of Governors, Senators, and legislators to protect the beast and defend him in his double depredations, first by one strategy and then another, that the mothers rose up again, saying, The beast must die; and by this time many others were uniting with them in the same purpose; for many could now see his track taking one off here and there who never came back. And the politicians, hearing the commotion, lifted up their eyes also, and seeing that more people were after the beast than those standing aside, even the politicians joined vociferously in chasing the beast, saying: Vote for us, and we will take them out, both the lion and the tiger, and slay them before your eyes.

"Then, My Son, the people in your own State said, Nay, but you have deceived us before when we required and you promised the same thing. But said the politicians: We will surely do so this time; only give us your votes, and see.

"They received the votes, and the day of execution arrived. Many had gathered from far and near to see it well done. The executioners appeared with sword in hand, and now, as it was being uplifted, one on the outside looked through the bars, saying: Save me one kitten (a quart a month). Then another said: Save me one also. Then another great and mighty one climbed up on the bars, and said in high-sounding words of authority: *Save me four kittens.* Then all the sons of Belial rejoiced with exceeding great joy, and shouted with the sons of Ham also; because, they said, We shall still have seed left to raise more kittens."

It was easy to see that this last paragraph had reference to the humiliating events of the Legislature of South Carolina, in 1917, when the Church of the Living God was so misrepresented as to be construed as being the scapegoat for leaving the gap down to manufacture, sell, buy, and use intoxicating liquors; and since but few protested against such desecration of holy altars, nothing but omnipotent favor gained by true repentance can prevent consequent consignment of the victim to the wilderness state of impotency and confusion.

And now, further remarking concerning this shocking request by one of the churches for four quarts a month to be used for "Sacramental purposes," the Son of Time said:

"My Son, it is a shame that when the sword was uplifted to destroy the beast any of your churches should interfere, and be the means of saving his life by urging their need of alcoholic liquors for the Holy Supper; and more is the pity if such request came through their ignorance of that 'fruit of the vine' which the Redeemer used on the night before His death. There be many who boastfully argue in their defense of strong drink, that the last thing He did was to give it to His disciples, even as the first miracle He wrought was turning water to wine for those who had not enough; and as so much evil has come from this work of that same Mother of Abominations, I will tell you how it was:

"It was the custom in those days, even more so than now, to serve fruit juice at their social gatherings; and when the ruler of the feast tasted the 'oinon' or *punch* which the Redeemer made, he said it was the best that had been served, which was not usually the case; for, as thou well knowest, after standing some while with seeds and fragments that remain, or by the addition of water as it became scarce, which it did on this occasion, then it is inferior in taste and quality compared with the fresh juice at the beginning. But that which Christ made was not only better than might have been expected at this stage of the feast, but it was even better than any of them had ever tasted; for it was made by the direct process, without running it through a grapevine or orange tree either; and the one way is no more a miracle than the other.

"But far be it from you, My Son, to think that the Redeemer would make a hundred and sixty-two

gallons of intoxicating liquor, so they could all finish up the feast by getting on a drunk to go home. And far be it from you or anyone else to suppose for one moment that He ever made or sanctioned the use of, for any purpose, the fermented, intoxicating wine which in the Scriptures you are plainly commanded not to touch, taste, nor even look upon."

But, after finishing the parable and rising from his seat, the Son of Time, now waving his long hand almost frantically between my face and his, continued as follows:

"My Son, do you doubt the records of the Archives? Then go to your own journals of commerce and see it recorded there, that the biggest business your own great nation has done during the past fifty years, is in maintaining this beast of waste. Even according to your own most popular and almighty standard, the dollar mark, you have used up more of God's sunshine and rain, dewdrops and grain, together with daylight and nightdark—converting it into fuel for this beast of destruction—yea, even more than for any other thing under the heavens. And even now, when your Belgians and others are starving for bread, your breweries and distilleries are using up millions of bushels of the staff of life to maintain the beast.

"As often as you have been spending one dollar to save the world, you have been spending one hundred dollars to destroy it; only because someone can make more money in this than that (so they think, poor fools). But your coffers stink, and your whole atmosphere is filled with the effervescings of abomination, gathering in great clouds, that shall jostle

together and shake down vivid lightnings and rending thunders upon the heads of the innocent and the guilty. For thus it is many times, that the innocent suffer with the guilty. That is why it is everyone's business whether a man lives right or not; all will suffer together, sooner or later. And now, because of all these things, think not with thyself that thy nation shall escape its portion of the consequences of all this wickedness; for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap, and others must help bring the bundles in, for no man can bring in all he sows."

And now, showing signs of uneasiness, and casting hurried glances in several directions as though looking for something, the Son of Time continued:

"My Son, it not only grieves God to see Europe passing through an ordeal of suffering and destruction like this, but it has grieved Him for ages to know that under the blind leadership of infidels, blasphemers, and drunkards, the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now; waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God (Romans 8:19, 22); waiting for pious, God-fearing, clean, Christian men to direct the affairs of states and nations. Our sister, Sabbath, says that she has heard it read in your churches thousands of times that, when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice: but when the wicked beareth rule, the people mourn (Proverbs 29: 2), and yet, even under your own democratic form of government, where you have the right to choose your rulers and high officials by ballot, your men go to the polls on Tuesday and vote for some of the ungodliest they can select. Son of Adam, what may be expected to

befall a perverted public sentiment that will frown, growl, and gnash its teeth at one offering to become a candidate for office, unless he is a blasphemer, a drunkard, or a grafter? And yet, you sit in your study at midnight, groaning with the whole creation, What Ails the World?"

Here the Son of Time paused abruptly, and I pondered seriously. He, as well as the whole creation, seemed to be waiting. It was oppressive. I mused: Is it perverted public sentiment that ails the world? I mused again: Doubtless, it is sentiment that determines our real attitude to things in all relationships of life. Reason itself, to be effective, must lay hold upon and work its way out through the delicate network of sentiment. But even if this be so, how did sentiment come to be perverted? And how does it keep on being perverted?

Here again the Son of Time showed signs of restlessness. Moving a little to one side, and shading his face with his hand as if looking for something in the distance, he answered thus:

"Sentiment, or reason either as to that, is a dainty, powerful dish made by the dainty, powerful hand of that dainty, powerful woman you saw a while ago, that Mother of Abominations. I see she is going out for a walk. Some of the beasts she usually drives are not looking well, nor is she herself in good condition, because of the unfavorable weather caused by the storm in Europe. She is beginning to fear that the lightnings and thunders of that storm will open the eyes of people to her real character, and that she and many of her beasts

will come to be in disrepute. I want you to notice her as she passes."

She was now in full view, and language fails to describe the strange and overwhelming conglomeration of opposites now strikingly conspicuous in the make-up of her character. The very features of her face, movements, and dress were contradictory. If one gleam of her eye was life, the next was death; if another was light, the next was darkness. These strange and contradictory emanations from her complex personality outran each other alternately in irregular succession, as if each were trying to neutralize the other and dominate the whole atmosphere of her surroundings. It was with some difficulty at first that I sought to determine which would gain the ascendancy, but on closer observation and more careful scrutiny, it was plainly seen that the beauty of her apparent virtues was sadly overshadowed by the hideousness of her evident vices.

She passed out of sight, but not out of mind. Her delusively captivating and yet disappointing characteristics, as seen in the white light of the Silent Sphere, surely can never be forgotten, nor well described by tongue or pen. And now, turning to me, the Son of Time said:

"My Son, since you have had this plainer view of the strange woman who drives her beasts in every land, and molds with her artistic hand the very consciences of men to do her will at her command, and since you are now duly impressed with her many contradictory and disappointing features, and thoroughly convinced that the glory of her apparent virtues is totally eclipsed by the shame of her evi-

dent vices, and all in such manner as I am sure you will not forget, I am now permitted to tell you, however shocking it may be to your proud conceit, this is the woman who has wooed and won the love and admiration of states, nations, and society; and though they are married unto her, and pay her the highest homage and devotion, yet she changes not her name for any. What she was, she is, and will continue so to be until she is born again, and that from above. She it is that ails the world, and yet, I see some signs of fear and shame should you be asked to write her name."

I must confess that, even at this stage, in the light of this last expression, the mystery seemed to deepen. Why should I fear to write the little word expressing humanity's unanimous opinion of What Ails the World? Scholarly philosophers and theologians have told us it is *sin*, and that ends it.

"Ends what?" said the Son of Time.

This unexpected interruption of my meditations was a little disconcerting for a moment, and especially as he plied other questions: "Ends sin? No, indeed. Ends the search? Ends effort? Ends hope?" And now, evidently detecting the dilemma I was in, he continued as follows:

"My Son, it is very convenient, and sometimes comforting, for you and others to say that sin or wickedness of some kind is what ails the world; for then you think to lay it back at the gate of Eden or charge it up to the devil, and thus relieve yourselves of much responsibility. Many a day at church our sister has seen men put on a long-faced look of pious apology for human weaknesses, and heard

them talk solemnly about the awful calamity foisted upon the race by inherited Adamic depravity, just as though no such thing could ever have happened at any other time or place than the Garden of Eden. When you talk to people about sin, it is like talking to them about thorns which a man ploweth around in his field, saying: Nobody can help it; they were there already. Yea, but he *can* help it. Where is his ax or spade, that thorns should choke his crop, cumber his ground and pierce his hand?

"But even if one saith it is sin that ails the world, then ask him which sin? For, as all very well know, many sins are but the sprouts from some other sin that lieth deeper. Go on, My Son, and look for that until thou hast found it; then have no shame to tell the name and fix the blame right where the blame belongs, and quit your waste of time treating symptoms. Like as when a beast destroyeth a man's field of corn; doth the man return to his house, saying: Nobody can help it? Nay verily, but he putteth the beast out, and goeth to find the place that is open; then he mendeth it. Go and do likewise, and save thy field."

And now, turning to me with a piercing scrutiny that I had not felt so forcibly before, the Son of Time said: "Even you, My Son, have never been so concerned about this question before. Is it because you have reason to believe there is a gap down somewhere that no one is minding or mending? Many before you have asked the same question, then they wag their heads, passing on and saying: They did it. Another saith: It is the devil, or the devil and Tom Bell. And thus they all deceive themselves.

"Son of Adam, it is indeed high time for thee to ask, for thee to look and listen. Hast thou gone with me this way thus far to listen and to look? And art thou truly willing to see and hear the name, although upon thine own head shall fall some blame? And art thou willing, as in thee lies the power, to paint it red in public skies and bower?"

Here the pause was the most oppressive I had felt. Cold sweat again oozed from the pores of my skin, accompanied with a chilly, creepy feeling of weakness, as these questions percolated through my very being. Indeed, I felt willing to see and to hear, but how could I paint it on the skies of anywhere? And seeing my state of fear and hesitation, he repeated part of the above: "as in thee lies the power." Instantly my every remaining particle of energy rose up in full consent to do as best I could, and then, with an expression that flashed and glistened as if clothed in the fresh gleams of highest authority, the Son of Time exclaimed:

"Then lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and thy pen mightier than a sword; yea, cry aloud and spare not,

**"Saying to every tribe and nation,**
**Throughout the whole creation:**
**That the Mother of all Abomination,**
**Who works this awful desolation,**
**With such hungry, craving thirst,**
**And all-consuming, deadly blast,**
**Is your popular and pernicious,**
**Extravagant and fictitious**
**Miss Ed. U. Cation, first;**
**Miss Education, second;**
**Miseducation, third and last."**

As he uttered these words there was a rush of darkness as if loosed from all his dungeons. Then there flashed forth a long line of brilliant lights over a range of almost perpendicular mountains with towering peaks at equal distances. Suddenly at the farther end of the range appeared the figure of the strange woman whose name he said was Miss Ed. U. Cation. She was carrying an immense basket in both hands, and stepping from peak to peak, only pausing long enough at each to empty its contents of precious things, which at that distance seemed to consist of fine glass and chinaware that rattled, crashed, and tumbled in terrible torrents down the rugged, rocky sides of the mountains, the basket being filled again each time as she stepped from one peak to the next. Nearer and nearer she came, until the shivering roar of the destruction was deafening. Now she was near enough for me to see that, mixed with the crackling contents of the basket, there floated out also great sheets of unseparated bills of money in large figures, and other valuable fabrics soaked in gasoline; now it took fire, and the mountains split from top to bottom, falling apart with an indescribable crash. The tower tottered, and the floor went from under me like a phantom.

Downward, downward, with increasing speed I seemed to be descending as if in a vacuum, faster and faster, for I know not how long; then I seemed to slow up and stop; then backward in the opposite direction—this time not so far—then another stop, with repeated oscillations back and forth, shorter and shorter, until I was at rest in the dead center

of neither up nor down, and with no pull of gravitation in any direction.

I could sit, recline, or stand; and yet there was nothing to sit on, recline on, or stand on. A soft light now began percolating the dizzy distance in all directions. As it increased, I caught glimpses of jutting outlines and borders I had seen many times before, and in a few moments I saw that it was the whole face of the earth turned Outside-In.

Thrilled with awe and wonder, my astonished vision swept the whole face of the earth at a glance. A quick mental process suggested it was about four thousand miles away in all directions, but everything appeared as if near by; and being so absorbed in what I was seeing, I had not noticed the presence of the Son of Time until he spoke as follows:

"Many 'What Ails the World?' have asked, and minstrel bands chant forth the same; that woman moved among them masked; no answer came to their refrain. 'What Ails the World?' the echo comes; they can not sing the waves to rest—not even while they sing their best, and chant in all the countless keys. The echo, 'Ails the World,' resounds; moving in mournful monotone, like the deep struggle of a moan, tangled in the chimes of joy-bells.

"But hither now we come, My Son, to the center of neither up nor down; where pull of passion's gravitation is nowhere felt nor found; that thou may'st see with vision clear the whole wide earth unfurled; and publish to all the sons of men in truth, What Ails the World.

"From this point, where distance makes no difference, you shall see the world as all the Days see it

in their goings with their blessings to give out, and bring the records in, only we see it from without, as you see it from within."

One might suppose that at this distance the whole surface of the face of the earth Outside-In, would have appeared smooth, and especially as our vision was perpendicular to the arch at all points, but it was not so. Either the way it was lighted, or the absence of obscurations of any kind, or somehow else—hills, valleys, inclines, plains, seas, gorges, and mountains were seen as if we were at them; and now, taking hold of my arm to prevent occasional separation by oscillation, the Son of Time proceeded to point out some of the ravages of the strange woman whom he named Miss Ed. U. Cation, assuring me that she it is who stands with one foot on the bottom step and the other foot on the top step of What Ails the World. And now, directing my attention to a most beautiful and fertile outstretching plain lying endwise between two great mountains, he said:

"That is where two thousand years of my mother were killed and buried by that same strange woman of whom I spoke. Our mother is mortal, and every year of her that is wasted is so many days gone, never to come again; and because the Heavenly Father loves her, even as he loves all of his creatures, therefore, he put tombstones to her grave. That big mountain is her headstone, and the smaller one is her footstone, because she was wasted there by the sons of Adam. For, when one said to the other, Why do thus and so? The other answered, saying, even as they say now, Just to kill Time. And when

one said, This or that is holy and should be reverenced; the other said, It is only a notion, what difference does it make? Thus he showed his ignorance, in not knowing the difference. But if you say, Nay, nay, it was for lack of care. Then remember, My Son, that also is part of the education, even being taught to care. For none will ever care until he is so taught, either by one means or another.

"So you see, it is for the lack of proper ideas being imbedded in the mind and heart concerning the use that should be made of Time and of themselves also, that all this waste occurred. Therefore one century after another finds them in no better state than before. So also with their desecration of holy things. It is caused by their lack of proper ideas imbedded in the hearts. That only is true education. The lack of it is Miseducation, which, as you have seen wherever you have observed that woman, is destruction; whether it be as she was proudly stepping from peak to peak over mountains of wealth and culture, or crawling like a worm in slime.

"Thus, you see, it has come to pass also that there in that same grave lies buried our sister Sabbath, with her many precious gifts; for many spit in her face, saying: Don't come to me with that; I'm no molly to be goin' to church and such like. So they take the blessings of my sister and rip them into shreds before her eyes, and turn to rend her. And yet they meet her brother next morning, even when the blood of his sister is still on their hands, saying: Be good to me, Monday; bring me good luck; smile

on me, Tuesday, and empty thy pockets of treasure, that I may have plenty with which to desecrate (your sister). (Mercy on us!)

"But, Son of Adam, do not misunderstand my words nor their meaning. The matter is not so much for the killing of my mother and my sister, and burying them together in the same grave, but it comes to pass also that some of the seeds of their thoughts and intents get mixed in the soil while they are digging to hide the blood of my mother and sister, and not many fields can stand three crops from that seed. Moreover, My Son, not only shall they suffer for the wasting of our mother and sister and the planting of their murderous seeds in the soil; but they shall even suffer the more because of the other ways in which they choose to go when they refuse the ways of these; for these other ways are thick with venomous serpents. So, if they choose these instead of those, they shall perish by their choosing. For while it may be admitted that many do not die of what ails them, yet, but for their ailment, they might not die of what kills them."

Then in great searching sweeps, as the Son of Time indicated, we scanned the whole face of the earth Outside-In, as he pointed out immense heaps of wasted opportunity; wasted learning; wasted money and manhood; all moldering in the decay of perverted and distorted use and consequent ruin.

Then followed the most terrible scene of all. Pointing to the recently rich, prosperous, and growing nations of Europe, now in awful conflagration, and with a look of horror shrouding his brow, he firmly held my arm because of the appalling shock

which disquieted the poise of our equilibrium, and was now driving us backward from our center. But soon recovering equanimity, either by the stronger pull of encountered gravity or becoming accustomed to the shock, I now heard again as at first, the rattle of clashing swords and the roar of thundering guns, while across broad oceans rolled clouds of smoke and steam mingled with the screaming hiss and strangle of sinking and drowning people.

Then, pointing toward the region of Belgium and France, the Son of Time continued: "On yonder flaming battlefield, as you may see and know today, millions of strong and noble lives are hurriedly swept away by the ruthless hand of the Woman Grand, her greed and thirst to allay. Like some infernal, fiendish dream, devised by imps of death and hell, and fed by lavish floods of human life, and broadening streams of shot and shell, a somber mood o'erhangs the world as tireless, thundering guns proclaim the doom of a flickering past, and the dingy curtain falls at last on an age never to be seen again."

The sight was appalling. Never before in the history of man have such vast armies been assembled on fields of battle. Never before has warfare been so expensive and deadly. Colossal resources of energy and treasure, which would have lasted for decades of peaceful life, have been demolished, consumed, and wasted already. Millions on millions of crushed and bleeding hearts of loved ones far away, cry out in pain for those who fall beneath the ruthless tread of that mad, proud, pernicious Miss whose greed cries out for more. Billions on billions

of hard-earned dollars far flung in waste from her destructive hand, must now be gathered up in haste to save our native land.

As I looked with staggering awe and wonder upon this scene of waste and destruction that trailed the paths of prosperous centuries, and licked them clean of all their wealth and peace, the Son of Time drew near and directed my attention to groups of kneeling and prostrated people, offering groaning prayers and supplications that God would intervene and bring a better, brighter day; but said he, "My Son, these prayers are unanswered; for, while God wants the world to have a better day, it would be of no use for him to make one and bring it to such a mis-raised people; they would not know what to do with it if they had it, as has been shown time and again. They must first prepare themselves to receive it, and know what to do with it, then send someone for it whom God can trust, and until this is done no better day will ever come. So, all these unanswered prayers are bundled up with that unanswered prayer of the Redeemer, awaiting compliance with conditions to make such gift a blessing."

And here it was that, for the first time, with no curves or corners in which she could hide, I had a perfect view of that big-stepping, basket-carrying, irreverent, and defiant monster, Miss Education, riding in her chariot of war over crushed and mangled bodies in plains and trenches, smashing commonwealths and kingdoms to gratify the greed of her unlawful sons and deluded husbands. I say unlawful sons, because not one of their fathers was lawfully married, nor could be to such a beast as

this; and the only conclusion is, it is a case either for reform or divorce.

And here the Son of Time emphasized that this reform applies not only to the pernicious standard of education which seeks now to dominate the world by brutal, fiendish force; but also to any other standard that is incapable of assuming responsibility for the *disposition* of the taught. For said he: "Any so-called 'scientific course' which in the name of breadth and freedom drags the youthful mind from the shore of moorings safe and sound out into the sea of a thousand doubts, and leaves it there to sink or float with every rolling tide, is little short of murder that must cease, and every breeding place of kaiserism's autocratic ways, no matter in what name it runs, must be suppressed."

Further said he: "Your nation claims there is a world of difference between belief in the Right of might and belief in the Might of right, and so there is—a difference as great as that between demons and angels; but there are intervening stations to which some think to go and do no harm; but every step they take along this dangerous way makes the next one easy on another day. Therefore, as belief is the result of education, then the adoption of any standard which in any way reflects upon, or is in conflict with, that standard set forth by the Son of God, is unlawful, from either the standpoint of ethics, expediency, or the Bible.

"Son of Adam, it is a deplorable fact that your present theory of education is just about as well developed as was your theory of agriculture a hundred years ago, and while there was some excuse

for such bungling ideas of farming at that time, there is no excuse for the blind, empirical gropings of your present age amid the chaos of charlatan humbuggery concerning the philosophy of education."

And now, as further evidence of the criminal waste and destructiveness of this Miseducation, the Son of Time pointed out that a future, almost unthinkable indebtedness would hang like a millstone about the neck of the warring nations, amounting to hundreds of billions of dollars, all foolishly expended for the upkeep of that proud and pompous Mother of Abominations, Miss Ed. U. Cation.

"But," said he, "this is not all she is costing. Hundreds of years from now these nations will consist of a weakened and inferior people compared with what they might have been, in body and in mind; because the strongest and most efficient are being killed, leaving the race to be propagated by inferior weaklings, excused from service because of their infirmities; and thus, both in weight and height and mental power, the nations will be reduced and suffer untold hurt—all of which results from their blind support of that strange, extravagant woman. They have sown to the wind; they are reaping the whirlwind; they have sown to the flesh, they are reaping corruption."

Then, pausing for a moment and giving me a searching look, the Son of Time continued: "My Son, you showed surprise a now ago at my mention of unanswered prayers. What can the Heavenly Father do? Here is one, true and faithful, crying to him in the dust, and saying: O give our arms

success. Another, equally true and faithful, is crying also, and saying: O give *our* arms success. So, you see, there is one pulling at God on one side, and another pulling at him on the other side. One is as much in earnest as the other. What is God to do? What *can* he do? Even as he said to some of old: What more could I do to my vineyard that I have not done?

"It is awful to think of, My Son, but under present conditions, there is only one thing He can do. He says: I will sit. He has tried this and that and the other, to save men and property from destruction, but men would not walk in His ways; but hardening their hearts and stiffening their necks, they have gone headlong with that strange woman in her destructions, heaping up irreverence and desecration day and night, until the crucible which they have been building is set on fire by explosion. Therefore, God just has to sit and watch and weep, even as a refiner and purifier of silver.

"If there is some precious metal or golden jewel (and there is), He will gather it up out of the ashes and take care of it; but all the dross must be consumed, and there is much of it; so, God has to sit and watch, even while the righteous suffer with the wicked.

"But, My Son, be not too much elated over this; for which of all the nations has kept His statutes? Which one hast thou seen building ships to send messengers of the Prince of Peace, or training them to carry glad tidings of good will to man? Which nation has gone with the light and bread of life to those groping in the darkness of death? My Son,

I say: *Which one hast thou seen doing this?*" He paused.

" 'Nay,' they say, 'that is not our business, according to the wish of our woman.' So, they go on running after the woman, instead of turning to see what God purposes for their temporal as well as their eternal prosperity.

"According to the records of the Archives, ages have piled up treasure on the lap of these nations; even money, men, learning, and other facility with which to go to the uttermost parts of the world with the words of peace and life; and God has been saying to them: Take these, and go. But they said: We will not go on that business; but we will go to kill and take their land and treasure. Then God said to them again: Go not to kill, lest ye also be killed and bring yourselves to ruin. But they answered back, saying: We are learned in arts and sciences, and our woman saith to us: Go and take them, dead or alive; we know our business, for our woman hath instructed us in all such matters; she hath even showed us how to build dreadnaughts and superdreadnaughts; yea, she gave us the model of the wasp that shall sting holes in ten big ships and go to sink the rest; and thus, My Son, it is waste, waste, by day and by night—millions of men, billions of money, and ages of time."

He uttered these last words with a vehemence that seemed to contract every muscle of his body, and now, without limbering a hand or foot, he traversed the arc of the quarter circle from my side to front, and looking me full in the face as we remained poised in the mid space of neither up nor down, and

taking both my arms which he grasped tightly in his hands, his face flashing with the lightnings of indignant accusation, he hurled upon me this piercing, withering question:

"*Son of Adam,* What if all this waste of men and means, of time and opportunity, prestige and power, had been used in the building up of that kingdom against which the gates of hell shall not prevail; even the kingdom of peace on earth and good will to men?—O Son of Adam, Do you hear?—Son of Adam:—*Do you understand?*" (The pauses were awful.)

"Suppose, *suppose,* that all this waste had been saved, together with all the other that has been committed along the highways of groaning nations, and instead of being turned into kindling-wood for that woman of destruction, had been turned into means of saving those who are being crushed by her wheels; what might have been the condition of the world today?

"But they said No to God's call, and now that part of His substance that has not been wasted in maintaining the woman in her riotous ways, is being taken away. For unto everyone that hath (used properly what he had), to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not (used properly what he had), shall be taken, even that which is left. Matthew 25:29. And that is what is going on now.

"My Son, listen to this: If the nations had furnished one dollar and one man for the Redeemer's work of salvation where they have furnished a thousand of each for Miss Education's work of

destruction, and if your denominations had quit being jealous of and trying to pull each other down, then the world would have been saved long ago, and they would still have nine hundred and ninety-nine times the cost of it left over as a surplus with which to purchase their needs at half the price. But since they have refused to furnish the 'ounce of prevention,' they must now make haste with tons of temporary cure, which is no cure at all; then sooner or later they must come back to do the other with what they have left; for let them not think within themselves that they shall escape by some other way."

And now, concerning the exclusive sectarian spirit which spends so much of its energy trying to unchurch the other one, "because he followeth not us," the Son of Time remarked: "Indeed, it is high time for some to ask, and truly seek to know, who wears in vain the Christian mask, but fails the Christ to show, and thus prevents the answer to the Savior's earnest prayer that his disciples might be one, and let the world believe in him who came to save. God has been wanting to answer this prayer of his Son for 1889 years, but some will not allow him to do it, lest the imaginary glory of their autocracy be dimmed."

Then, reverting to the meager way in which Christ's cause is supported, the Son of Time made this most startling remark: "But even in giving what they do for the Redeemer's work of salvation, some of your men who are unequally yoked together with stingy, unbelieving wives, or wives with stingy, unbelieving husbands, have to give it unbeknown to

the other, or have a fuss in the family; and the one watching so closely maketh the other feel that he is stealing it; so many times he giveth not at all. But even all of this, together with the autocracy of bigoted sectarianism, is recorded in the Archives, and they will all be ashamed of it, sooner or later."

Here the Son of Time paused. The noise of clashing swords and the death-dirge of roaring guns had ceased. Deep silence prevailed. It was a silence not only because of the absence of any noise whatever, but a silence like the hush of a myriad pounding thunders for ages suddenly ceased, and my mind was feeling its way back over some of these most incisive utterances, when out of that silence came the most marvelous play of echo and reverberation. First, from the front I was facing came the echo: "They will all be ashamed of it sooner or later." Then from my rear: "Ashamed of it sooner or later." Third, from off my right, "sooner or later"; then from my left, and descending down that arc of the circle like a heavy weight rolling down a flight of steps, and bouncing once on each, "la-ter," "la-ter," "la-ter," "la-ter," until the echo was finally lost in the depths beneath.

Another instance of the echo was on this wise: First, apparently from my rear came the words, "ounce of prevention"; then from the front came the echo, "this gospel of the kingdom"; then off to my right, in the darkening distance, where it seemed that night was falling, a dim streak of lightning trailed the irregular side of a mountain apparently for a distance of forty or fifty miles, simultaneously firing hundreds of the heaviest guns in existence.

The deafening roar and rolling reverberation was awful. Finally it subsided, then in deep and muffled tones came the echo: "tons of cure." This was repeated several times with added emphasis and meaning, convincing me that our failure as nations to *apply* the principles of Jesus Christ as the "ounce of prevention," is the reason why we shall have to go with "tons of cure" in men and money, food and other things—all of which is really no cure at all, but only a temporary relief.

## CHAPTER IX

### MISS ED. U. CATION UNCROWNED

Being thus occupied with the remarkable play of the echo, and absorbed in deep reflection upon its meaning, I was a little surprised at the sudden approach of the Son of Time, and more startled by the question which he now asked concerning the day and year I was born.

I had to think a moment; then I replied, September 27, 1864, near the close of the Civil War. Then said he:

"What was the cause of that war?"

This question sent my thoughts back over the pages of historical verdicts. My own Southern histories said it was State Rights. Northern histories said it was to free the slaves and preserve the Union. I now had serious doubts as to whether either of these answers would quite meet the exigencies of the case, and noting the questionings of my mind, he intercepted thus:

"State Rights, properly so called, is a good and wholesome doctrine that none of them would care to lay down; but, My Son, how about Divine rights? So also is freedom from slavery a good doctrine that none of them would care to lay down; but how about freedom from the slavery of their dashing, captivating woman of sin and destruction? Which one of them has been fighting for liberty of life in

Christ Jesus? This is the only real, safe, and lasting liberty.

"Your Southerners said: My slaves are mine; I bought them from Northern traders. My slaves shall cut down my trees and roll them together in great heaps, and burn them with my fire. Then my slaves shall plough up my fields, running my rows straight up one side of my hill and down the other side of my hill, and when they make me three crops of my corn and three crops of my cotton, and by that time my soil has washed down into my branch, then they shall cut down more of my woods elsewhere, and burn them also out of the way of my plows; to make me more corn to feed my mules and my slaves, to make me more cotton, to get me more money to buy me more slaves and liquor, that thus I may be in the height of fashion, even according to the rules and customs of high culture and refinement embodied in my woman, Miss Education; for she is the final court of appeal for the settlement of all questions.

"And thus went the program, round and round like a blind mule to a cane mill, led by the pole he was pulling; destroying God's timber, wasting God's soil, choking the streams, and creating swamps to breed disease and death.

"True, some of them would occasionally ride in their fine carriages down to the little log meeting-house, to hear the parson preach in blue, homespun trousers, and pray God's blessing on their slaves and plantations; and, perchance, some would even assist in raising him ninety-six dollars a year to help feed his wife and children in their cabin thirty or forty

miles away; but all the rest of their thousands of money they consumed upon themselves, according to the dictates of their woman, Miss Education. The record of the ninety-six dollars is in our sister's section of the Archives; but the record of the other thousands is part in her section and part in our sections.

"On the other hand, the people of the North, beholding this great prosperity of the South, and seeing that the slaves were thus enriching the South with their labor, and that Southerners were living in luxury without turning a hand to work, were filled with envy; and seeing that some slaves were mistreated and abused, they had great compassion on the negroes they had sold like dumb cattle, and forthwith they proceeded to set them free.

"But, My Son, slavery should have been a great blessing, both to the slaves themselves in rising from savagery to civilization, and to their owners in opening and developing the new world, provided it had all been done with a view of acquiring means with which to establish the kingdom of the Son of God, according to His purpose in reserving this country for thousands of years; and had it all been so directed, happy, yea thrice happy would have been the people, both North and South, black and white. But it was not so used.

"The most prosperous and influential said: I will pull down my barns and build greater, and there will I store up all my goods. I will say to my soul: Soul, O Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years (barn feed for the soul); take thine ease, eat (barn feed), drink (barn feed), be merry

(over what?). Because the kingdom of God languished?

"Added to this were other abuses which have left their mark on both races as plain as the mislaid rows up and down the wasted hills, the signs of which remain to this day; and so it came to pass, that what was intended as a blessing to be used for high and holy purposes, was perverted and being turned into a curse by the sons of men. Therefore, it was taken away. Matthew 25: 29.

"My Son, be not in haste to go from here, and turn from these words a listening ear; for they are words of soberness and truth, sent forth to warn thy mis-raised youth. Opportunity misused; land, labor, sunshine, showers, and money wasted like the prodigal wasted his substance; and so has it been with nations and peoples made the custodians of God's best blessings to now, and being thus turned into curses; then as a kind and merciful act they are taken away. And if the claws of clinging greed, deep set by some to hold the treasure tight, will not let loose to quicken flagging speed from ways of death and awful night; then, like the eagle unable to reach the land with his prey, they shall perish by their holdings on the way.

"Many of your people are saying: We shall do better later on. We can sow wild oats a while, and then repent, and be saved like the evangelist said he did; and even if it be at the eleventh hour, what difference does it make? Every man a penny, and that is all, whether he go in late or early. And here again, My Son, you see the track of that same delusive and deceptive woman, your egotistic, presump-

tive, and most popular Miss Ed. U. Cation—that modern monstrosity that carries the world tied to her apron-strings, and flings its treasure here and there on junk-heaps at her pleasure, saying, Bring me more.

"Nay, My Son, be not deceived; that 'every-man-a-penny' theory of 'death-bed-repentance-salvation' is a delusion. This they can plainly understand by looking again at Matthew 20: 7, where it is stated that their only reason for standing idle was that no man had hired them. They cheerfully responded to the first invitation they had. Of course, they could not respond sooner; and thus, not being to blame for their loss of the time, and going instantly on the first call, they were rewarded for what they would willingly have done had they been invited sooner. Not one of them declined a single call, nor wasted any time in delay or hesitation. They had neither heard, nor had the opportunity of hearing. Who among your people can say that? Not only so, but since more die young than old, who knoweth when one is in the eleventh hour already?"

In the light of these convincing words, I was further led to wonder how any could consent to give the best of their lives to the devil, and then have the face to ask God to accept what is left.

And now, raising his hand again, and waving it in zigzag motions, and apparently scanning closely the Southern portion of the United States, the Son of Time continued as follows:

"Knowing full well it is not convenient for one so used to flesh and bones and weight to remain too long in this mid space of neither up nor down,

and seeing that yonder the woman is now preparing a big parade of herself and her beasts, we will yet remain long enough to see what she will do."

I give only a brief description of what followed, which came about in this wise: By some means or other several of the woman's beasts were now in bad repute, and as she thought were being mistreated by the people. Some had even cast stones at her lion as he was passing, and one of the stones had struck her son, Mr. P. R. Ide, in the face; whereupon, her other son, Mr. R. E. Venge, dismounted from the chariot, seizing many by the throat and wringing their necks like chickens. But others coming to the rescue, the tide of the contest had turned, and was about to end in defeat of the woman and all her sons who had become involved in the panic. So she made haste to gather up her wounded sons, P. R. Ide, R. E. Venge, and the others, and drove hurriedly back to her quarters for protection.

Then she called a conference of her husbands, who came forthwith in terrible rage that she and their sons had thus been treated. Many lines of procedure were suggested and discussed. She and hers must be avenged, and the common herd taught to respect and honor them as heretofore. The husbands assured her of their sanction of whatever plan she and her sons might devise, and ordered that it be carried out by such most effectual means as her superior wisdom might indicate.

After due consultation with her sons, the plan adopted was that, on a certain day all her beasts must be harnessed to her chariot in pairs, side by

side, and she would drive them roughshod, triumphant over all her enemies; and being so elated over the prospect, she sent for her husbands to report the same to them. They were delighted, and lauded her learning to the skies, saying they knew she would be equal to the occasion and, offering to harness the beasts themselves, they all forthwith made ready to go on the demonstration.

So it came to pass, when they had hitched all her beasts to the chariot, that she took the lines to drive, while all her sons and husbands got in to go on their parade.

All went well for a while, and they were much elated over the vindication they were receiving. But now it was discovered that, in their haste of harnessing, the blind side of the lion was toward the blind side of the tiger, and these being in the lead, and unable to see each other wink, some confusion was developing.

Just at this moment a stone from somewhere in the frightened crowd put out the other eye of the lion; whereupon he took fright, and by his peculiar antics so frightened all the other beasts that pandemonium followed, not only among the fleeing beasts, but even the husbands and sons also were now being thrown from the chariot at every turn.

One by one, sometimes in pairs, the surging beasts wrenched the lines from her hands, and wildly dashed themselves against stone walls; but still holding to what was left, now more furious because of what had happened to their companions, the woman kept her seat until at last, terror struck and frantic with fright, that proud and daring monster,

Miss Education, cried out to all she passed: Have pity, People, and stop my beasts, my beasts of great renown; lest they in pieces my chariot dash, and spoil my golden crown. But none ventured.

On and on she went, in a zigzag trail from the southern part of the United States, sweeping like a cyclone across New England and westward along the Canada line, seeking to stop her beasts and shelter them in safety; then down the Pacific Coast from Alaska to California, and scaling the heights of Arizona in a leap that lifted the glittering crown from her astonished and disheveled brow, she plunged into the smoking gorge of a Mexican volcano.

Her golden crown, now borne on the swell of the swirl she had created, circled high in the air; then, I suppose by some kind of reaction, it first retraced the trail she had gone, finally coming to rest in the dead center of neither up nor down, where all things must go for final appraisement, and, reaching out his hand, the Son of Time took the crown and, handing it to me, requested that I examine it. On looking at it, and studying it for some moments, I discovered a plate on the inner side of the original shape, now adorned with many feathery American trimmings, bearing this inscription:

Property of Our Own
Daring and Fascinating
Miss Ed. U. Cation
(Made in Germany)

And now, informing me that we were nearing the end of our journey along the winding pathway of the sons of Adam, he remarked as follows:

"It is not for a Son of Time to forecast the future course of the world after it has passed the ordeal which you now behold, except as already indicated by the banishment of that woman whose power by that time will have lost its hold upon a deluded but awakening people, and further to remind you that the destiny of the future is to be determined by the policy of those who survive.

"The now is at hand when iniquity must be done away. The fierceness and duration of this conflict will be determined by the degree of resistance which the powers of evil shall set up against the powers of righteousness. The final outcome is as certain as day follows night. There must be a change from the old order of private monopoly for profit to the new order of co-operation for service.

"The blood of the crucified Son of God, with which the earth was baptized nearly two thousand years ago, cries out from Golgotha for a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness and peace, and that cry will be answered by the peace-loving blood of all nations until the last proud heart and stiff neck that stands in the way of God's purposes has been subdued, and until men are fully convinced that no kingdom hath foundations except it be founded in righteousness and maintained for peace and good will."

And now, perhaps detecting in me some sign of fatigue, because of the peculiar conditions of this mid center of neither up nor down, with no pull of gravitation in any direction; with nothing to stand on, sit on, or lean on; and yet doing either at will; and seeing that I had been duly impressed with what

I had seen, a very small portion of which is recited here, he reminded me that the purpose of the visit was that we might see things in their true relations, without obstruction to vision, and with no pull of prejudice or passion; and so saying, the picture faded from view, and I instantly found myself alone, comfortably seated in the little room at the head of the winding stairway.

I thought it would be great relief to come once more to the normal realm of flesh and bones, but now a sense of heaviness was oppressive, and I was glad to spend some while in restful recuperation and meditation. Just how long it was that I was thus alone, I am not able to say; at any rate, the time had the desired effect, and I now felt a deeper solicitude than ever before concerning the war in Europe. Many questions revolved in my mind, and I was wondering if my opportunity to ask had passed, or would the Son of Time return again for further discussion?

Just at this moment he appeared with several books in his hand, and taking his seat, I availed myself of the first opportunity to ask him if several intimations already given really meant that the United States would finally become involved in this terrible war, to which he replied as follows:

"My Son, your Scriptures plainly say, Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. This is true of men and nations. Many of your people have been saying, It makes no difference what one believes, so he is honest in it; especially if he is far away, they say, It is none of our business; it is his own affair. Yea, My Son, but it is your affair also,

or soon will be; for no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. As we saw a while ago, many are dying in the battles surrounded by friends, but shot by enemies in territory which they never expected to set foot on. So you see, this world is getting to be too small a place for one to think of undertaking to live to himself, or die to himself either.

"Furthermore, your nation has not only been sitting quietly by, but your learning is already woefully tinctured with the ideas of that same defiant, irreverent, headstrong woman, Miss Education, whose indomitable will has already blighted Europe, an education which undertakes to put God and the Bible in the junk heap. Even some of your States, in their superior learning, have ruled that the Bible is a sectarian book; because, say they, We have the book of Mormon, also; therefore, the Bible must not be read in your schools, they say. Now what can you expect?

"More still. A large percentage of your school presidents are atheists or infidels, and some of your highest state and national officials, put in office by a popular vote of your people, are blatant blasphemers in public and in private—all of which, together with your Sabbath desecration and your waste of three billion dollars a year for liquor, goes to show that your nation is already staggering, like the rest, under its load of sin and ungodliness.

"Last, and not the least, My Son, as you and all should know, that through the influence of that woman you saw a while ago, many faith have lost, and turned away from reading their Bible day by

day, and counted not the cost of heeding what the higher critics say.

"Only a few years ago the leading Bishop in one of your greatest churches, taking side with the 'higher critics,' and speaking of the difficulties of the Bible, said that many of the Bible stories need no longer be taken as real. Further said he: 'I have always thought that Jacob was a mighty mean man. He was the very essence of meanness. I would have no dealings with him except in the presence of an attorney. I would not invite him home to dinner without locking up the silverware and the cut glass. In fact, I don't think it was at all to God's credit to have anything to do with him, as he was a thief and a supplanter.'

"Now, My Son, what will be the far-reaching effect of such a remark as that published in your papers and carried from mouth to mouth, saying: 'I told you so'? Your learned Bishop has slandered either your Heavenly Father or your Bible; and what difference does it make which it is? According to his saying, if God is good and wise, then your Bible is corrupt, and if your Bible is true, then God is discredited, so far as the Bishop is able; and so, both God and the Bible and the Bishop and his church are all discredited in the eyes of many; and as this is not the first time that such slanderous remarks have been made by well-pampered, superficial egotists, I must say some more concerning it:

"What ground had the Bishop for thinking Jacob was a mean man, not to be trusted with his cut glass and silver, nor any kind of dealings except in the presence of a lawyer? Does the Bishop not know

that Jacob bought and paid the full price named by Esau for his birthright? It might be asked if the Bishop has always done the same thing in securing his possessions. True, the price was small, which proves the poor appreciation Esau had of the privilege and obligation it entailed, demonstrating the fact that he was not a suitable person for such a responsible position; therefore, it was taken from him at his own price. Had Jacob refused the bargain, then Esau might have sold it to someone else for less, and thus the destiny of Israel and the destiny of the world have fallen into worse hands. It is not claimed that Jacob was perfect, nor any others of his age; but God had to do then just as he does now; He does the best He can with such as He has, and your Smart Alecs should quit saying their foolish talk with their mouths, especially those whose mouths have long been fed, through heat and cold, on good church bread.

"It has been said that one sinner destroyeth much good, especially if he is in high position, either in church or state, and when one discredits himself and thinks to set himself up in judgment over God's ways, the church comes into disrepute, and the people go on away, saying, They are no better than we. And if your leader continue on by authority, filling in his time in his goings, then the people become disgusted, and say, That is the church; and thus the church suffers damage. It is because of these and such like things that your young men are not coming into the ministry. Some say, No, they stay out because the times are prosperous. But by their saying it, they show themselves deceived.

"But not much worse is this than some things yet unsaid: No building rises high or stands, without foundation laid. And well informed you are, the building God requires, spiritual and holy is, and not composed of spires. And yet, no less than walls of stone or brick, it must true backing have, both broad and deep and thick. True it is, some always say: Foundation hath been laid; yea, but true it is also today, that many measure wrong, or measure with wrong rod; and so, the building fails, this building of our God. Come thou with me, and see."

Instantly, we stood at the plate glass door of a brownstone-front in a prominent street. The Son of Time turned the knob, and we walked into a well-furnished, up-to-date office. Typists and stenographers were at their tables, working away under the directions of a manager in a well-equipped adjoining room, which we entered later. Suddenly the white walls, mahogany desks and tables, typists and stenographers vanished; leaving us in the presence of the lone manager, not reclining in his easy chair; but with coat off, sleeves up, and collar wilted, he was heaving at the handle of a pitcher-pump lowered into the sand of a barren desert. Great drops of sweat were rolling down his face and neck, and at just about every third stroke of the handle a thimbleful of water dribbled from the nozzle of the pump into the sand. He kept on pumping.

After watching for some while, and seeing that he was growing tired, I said: "Man, why don't you stop and rest a moment?" Without even turning to look, and keeping his pump-handle going, he said: "There are other pumps pulling at this same water.

Every stroke I miss is lost. Moreover, if I stop, the priming will be lost also. I'm paid to run this pump, and if I fail to keep the water coming, another is waiting to take the handle; then what would I do?" So he kept on pumping.

As we turned to walk away, the Son of Time said: "That son of Adam is the manager of a prominent Church Board. He is hired to run the pump, because he has big arms and a strong backbone for such work; but, My Son, if your religious motive and sentiment rested on right foundation principles, then, instead of having a system of pitcher-pumps, to be kept going by sweat and muscle, sometimes with little more water brought up than sweat rolled down, you would have a system of ever-flowing fountains, without having to be tugged at three squeezes for a thimbleful.

"Your authorities set the task at so much, straw or no straw. Then your managers start their pumps downward toward the next; then the other starts his, and they all keep pumping; never stopping unless it be now and then to attach some new device to the pumps, or put new valves. But neither with your pitcher-pumps, nor from the desert sands of false foundation will you ever quench the thirst of a dying world. The only true measure of a genuine religious sentiment is what it will do without the pitcher-pumps."

He explained as follows: "The records of the Archives show that some of your church members joined for one thing, and some for another. Some joined because the preacher pleased them. He even went with them a-hunting and a-fishing; therefore,

they went with him a-churching, and while with hooks of steel and worms attached some fish they caught; yet caught they not much church with such; for, when the hunting, fishing preacher went on his way elsewhere, then the fishing, churching member went on his way elsewhere also; and though the roll you call three times a year, he never answers, I am here; nor gives the widow's mite.

"However, My Son, pay thou no heed to those who say: The church is not so strong today as was the case in days of old; for it was once the place to go, when many wished their styles to show, and see what garb their neighbors had, in which they sought to shine. But when gatherings everywhere got such common things to be, then many said, I do not care their last week's duds to see, and they care not for mine. So they stayed at home on the Sabbath, and slept because they were up so late last night. From some of these, and such like others, faint response will come by pumping hard and long, but what sign is that of likeness true and plain, to Him who said, Go with him twain?"

And now, returning to my question as to whether or not the United States might become involved in the European war—the question that had brought out all this survey of our moral, or rather immoral, assets as a nation—the Son of Time concluded as follows:

"Therefore," said he, "because of all these and other sure signs of the presence and power of that same woman, perverting and distorting the very fabric of American civilization by her false and ruinous ideas and ideals, you need not be surprised

at any moment to hear of your nation being called upon to pay its portion of the cost of her destruction; and many lives will be lost before all her bills are paid:

"My Son, if you would read your Scriptures as the Redeemer said, you could now understand what none understood for more than twenty-five hundred years. Many said: They are strange words; therefore they passed them by.

"Read Nahum 2, and ponder well before you say verse three speaks not of the present day, when chariots flaming torches have, and autos speed their onward way, with big headlights and cushioned seats; then, verse four speaks furthermore, of railroad trains on great highways, and trolley cars run with lightning in byways, and jostling on the streets.

"Strange words these were, a hundred years ago, you say; but a ten-year child their meaning knows full well in this advancing day, when the foe of truth and right comes on apace, and shakes his fist of might before thy face, to dash in pieces the hope of all the human race (Nahum 2:1).

"Germany is the hammer that dasheth in pieces, now come up before thy face. He spent many years making his hammer and fixing his handle in. Now he is dashing in pieces with it, by land and sea and air. Therefore, your prophet saith: Keep the munition, watch the way, make thy loins strong, fortify thy power mightily. My Son, you must do this, or let the world be backward thrown a thousand years by demon might."

I was pained to note that the wording of this answer, as well as the conditions upon which it was

based, seemed to indicate that such a weight of responsibility and guilt rested upon our nation; and that in case we had to take up arms, it would not only be done with a consciousness of defending the high and holy principles for which our fathers died, but there would also be the humiliating consciousness of having been in some way unfaithful to the high trust committed to us. And noting these disquieting reflections, the Son of Time interrupted as follows:

"I wanted you to understand, first of all, that sooner or later your nation would come to grief unless it repents of its sin resulting from Miss Education; for it is deeply infected by that woman's influence already; but even if you were innocent, you need not understand that you might escape from this war; for almost always the innocent suffer with the guilty. Furthermore, I do not mean to say that the extent of your Miss Education is the same as that of others; for the features of this woman are different in different places; but her name and nature are always the same, wherever and whatever she may be—always pernicious.

"Therefore, My Son, it is well worth while for you to know some things more about this awful foe, now rising up in rage against the world; that all who live in freedom's sunny land may see and better understand the meaning of her flag unfurled.

"Here is a book that will give you a clearer view of the extent of her pernicious influence on the thought and life of a country which for years has been regarded as the center of learning and culture; the center whose universities many favored sons of

America and other lands considered it a great honor to attend, but from whose corrupt and deadly fountains green streams of slimy poison have gone to every land; but since the world awaking, shows stubborn signs of fright, they brave the undertaking, to force it down by might. Look at the contents of this book, and see for yourself the ideas that dominate that land of so-called highest learning; and tell me, with naught of hesitation, whether you would call it Miss Education."

The title of the book was Germany and the Next War, written in 1911, by General Bernhardi of the German army. The titles of some of the leading chapters are as follow: The Right to Make War—The Duty to Make War—Germany's Historical Mission—World Power or Downfall—The Character of Our Next War—Preparation for War—Etc.

The whole trend of the book is in defense of the right and duty to make war. The author deplores the increasing aspirations of the age toward peace, and fears that the soul of the German people is being poisoned by such ideas. The evident purpose of its publication was to forestall this growing sentiment, and hasten to precipitate the awful war for which Germany had been preparing for forty years, and was now eager to begin.

Here is a sample of its shocking argument: "In all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted—The only course left (for a growing people) is to acquire the necessary territory by war—It is not the possessor, but the victor, who has the right—In such cases might gives the right to occupy or to conquer—*Might is at once the supreme right,*

and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war—War gives a biologically just decision, since its decisions rest on the nature of things." Therefore, he concludes that war is "a moral obligation," and as such an indispensable factor in civilization. (If this is one whit above the plane of the most savage brute, I fail to see it.)

But worse still. This same high official of Germany says that such is the true interpretation of Christianity. He says: "Christian morality is based, indeed, on the law of love. But this law can claim no signification for the relations of one country to another—The object is to promote morality for the individual," etc. (Which is to say, it is all right to rob and murder, if it is done by a nation on a big scale.) Therefore, he says: "The efforts directed toward the abolition of war must not only be termed foolish, but absolutely immoral, and must be stigmatized by the human race."

On reading these utterances from one of the highest officials of one of the most influential nations on the globe, I was dumbfounded! What can be expected of a country whose generations have been doped and duped on such doses of Miss Education, backed up by its practise of forty years' preparation to carry it out, literally and absolutely?

But here the Son of Time interrupted by saying: "You now begin to see what I meant by the Miss Education which the whole world is having to pay for. Many thought it was great and cheap, just as many of your people think in your States; but before they have finished paying for it they will know

better. But, My Son, the money cost, and the blood and life cost, and all other temporal cost, is the least part of the terrible cost of this Miss Education."

Then said he: "Your nation is yet far from the stage of acute distortion produced by the curse and blight of such intellectual, self-sufficient egotism, and it should be a warning to you and others to know that this destruction has come, Because that, when they knew God, and glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their 'reasonings,' and their foolish heart was darkened: professing themselves to be wise, they became fools." Romans 1:21, 22.

I specially noted his use of the word, "reasonings," instead of "imaginations," and on looking it up, I find that "reasonings" is correct; for the original word is "logismois"; so their vanity was not in their imaginations, but in the egotistic learnedness of their logic; which is another proof of the curse of Miss Education.

(When this book was first written, about a year ago, this chapter included many lengthy quotations similar to the above from other German authorities; but being unable to publish it at that time, and having seen no mention of such in the papers, when our country was finally forced to enter the war, as some thought without sufficient cause, I then sent these to the publicity department in Washington, also copies to leading papers, which some published and some did not; but as these, with many additional cullings of "kultur," revealing Germany's determination to involve the United States, have recently

been published and distributed by the Government and other papers throughout the country, I leave out the quotations, and give only brief sketches of their contents.)

Here is one, however, published in 1903, which gives a good-sized view of Germany's deliberate aim:

"The German race is called to bind the earth under its control, to exploit the natural resources and the physical powers of man, to use the passive races in subordinate capacity for the development of its Kultur." How does it look to the rest of us?

Here is another, from the official organ of Young Germany, October, 1913, just before the hammer fell, a fine specimen of the Miss Education dope for those about the age of our Boy Scouts:

"War is the noblest and holiest expression of human activity. For us, too, the glad, great hour of battle will strike. Still and deep in the German heart must live the joy of battle and the longing for it. Let us ridicule to the utmost the old women in breeches who fear war, and deplore it as cruel and revolting. No; war is beautiful. Its august sublimity elevates the human beyond the earthly and the common. In the cloud palace above sit the heroes, Frederick the Great, and Blucher, and all the men of action—the Great Emperor, Moltke, Roon, Bismarck, are there as well, but not the old women who would take away our joy in war. When here on earth a battle is won by German arms, and the faithful dead ascend to heaven, a Potsdam lance corporal will call the guard to the door, and 'Old Fritz' (Frederick the Great), springing from his

golden throne, will give the command to present arms. That is the heaven of Young Germany."

Nurtured with such ideas as these, who should be surprised at the atrocities of German soldiers?

Usher's book, published that same year (1913), affirms that the Germans aim at nothing less than the domination of Europe and the world.

Edelsheim's Operations upon the Sea outlines how the army and navy would proceed against the United States, saying there would be no difficulty in defeating our navy, scattered over two oceans; that we have only a few thousand soldiers, armed with muzzle-loaders; and that by a series of large landing operations, they can easily take our most important and wealthy seaport cities, and that by destroying State buildings, commerce, and the defense, and by taking all material for war and transport, they shall be able to inflict such damage on the United States as will force a conclusion of peace on such terms as Germany may require.

What say you, American sons, fathers, mothers, and daughters, to such a program as this?

"Inflict damage on the United States!" For what?

Because we have welcomed, sheltered, protected, and enriched thousands of his sons, who left the fatherland to get from under the iron heel of its oppression? Is that it?

"No," say they, "not because you have been kind to our sons, nor because you have ever lifted a hand against us or ours; but because that "still and deep in the German heart must live the joy of battle and

the longing for it"; and because "war is the noblest and holiest expression of human activity"; because "war is beautiful"; because "its august sublimity elevates the human beyond the earthly and the common"; and because that "when here on earth a battle is won by German arms, and the faithful dead ascend to heaven, a Potsdam lance corporal will call the guard to the door, and 'Old Fritz,' springing from his golden throne, will give the command to present arms"; and because "that is the heaven of Young Germany"—therefore, comes Germany to make war and "inflict damage on the United States," and damage anywhere and everywhere outside of Germandom, and damage by every means that can be devised.

People of America: and people of all other civilized countries: Is there any place on the face of the earth for such a daring menace as this in human flesh today—a menace that pleads no show of provocation for gloating itself in blood and shame—except to exercise its hell-born might, and glorify its demon fame, in crucifying heaven-born right and peace, for which the Savior came?

Surely, surely, fellow-citizens of a groaning world, we shall not be willing to hand over the reins to such red, uplifted hands as these, which undertake to fright, subdue, and seize; and by force of demon might the whole round earth in darkness blight, their mis-raised cravings to appease. Nor will we ever submit to the rule and tyranny of any czar, king, or kaiser. For, when the American people fully understand that it is not a matter of choice

whether we enter this conflict or not, but that it was long and well planned to be thrust upon us, as the ablest available money asset of the world from which to demand indemnities by that last surviving enemy of liberty, peace, and civilization; then they will rise up in the strength of that Divine might which is pledged to those who stand for right, and the scales will fall from blinded eyes and the shackles from a deceived people, who will renounce the blind leadership of military masters and take their place in the brotherhood of man.

Of course, it is not to be expected that this can be accomplished in a short time, by a people totally unprepared for such a task, nor without the sacrifice of means and men. A country that has been so long obsessed with the idea of murder and pillage, a country that feels "called to bind the earth under its control, to exploit the natural resources and the physical powers of man, to use the passive races in subordinate capacity for the development of its Kultur," and spends its time and every other resource for the development of horns and hoofs with which to act the brute, will be hard to approach; but no matter how long it takes, rather than surrender our heaven-bestowed birthright, true citizens of Freedom's Sunny Land will fill the lines to fight ten thousand miles away, and bigots who regard no law but Might, shall fall beneath its sway. For they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

## CHAPTER X

### REMAKING THE WORLD

When this storm of excitement indicated by the foregoing reflections had subsided in my mind, I noticed that the Son of Time was steadily gazing out the window, and I observed that a more placid and pleased expression now gradually illuminated his face. More and more each moment it grew, as though some delighting scene were coming into view; and turning now to me with apparent cautiousness, he spoke in modulated tones and looks as follows:

"My Son, it is not the prerogative of a Son of Time to say yea or nay to the manner of your recent reflections, nor undertake to foretell as a prophet things that are soon to come to pass, except in so far as such things may reasonably rest on facts of history interpreted in the light of Divine plans and purposes already revealed; but if you and others are to render the best possible service to your needy age, in establishing conditions which shall prove most conducive to the bringing in of a better age for all the sons of Adam, you must gather up the facts of the past, and weighing these by the revealed purposes of God, project your unbiased and just conclusions into the future, as the bridge over which a waiting world may walk to its richer inheritance and larger possession.

"Mark the words I use: 'bring in a better age.' It will not come of itself. Owing to the Miss Education that has dominated the learning of the sons of Adam, history shows that the wheel of human progress makes a very perceptible forward turn only once in about every four hundred years, and like unto a man who would build a better, bigger house; if he has no other place, first tears down the old, and clears the land from all rubbish where the new shall stand, and then proceeds to build. Some timbers in the old, perchance, may be transferred into the new, if not unshapely cut or marked with mold; but all the pieces crooked and warped, or showing signs of slow decay, can not their part of weight uphold, and must be cast away. And that, My Son, is part of the process now going on among the nations at war.

"They are in travail with the birth of a diviner era. It is the struggle of the whole social order in its awaking to self-consciousness. The interdependence of men and nations, and the oneness of individual life and society, are coming to be recognized more and more. The selfish individualistic age is closing. The watchword of the old order was 'rights,' and in some benighted cases 'the right of might'; but the motto of the new order will be 'service.' Neither men nor nations can longer afford to be indifferent to each other. Each is a part of one organic whole, whose life and interests are one and the same.

"But bear in mind, this new social order must not repeat the mistakes of its predecessors. Society may be well housed, well fed, well clothed, well

informed, and at the same time, well rotted. No merely social ideal is the source within itself of any real element of perpetuity. Even this new social ideal which is being developed, out of the nature and necessity of things must conform to a standard which can supply its elements of perpetuity. Such a standard will neither be difficult to find nor apply when once you are rid of the havoc of Miss Education. She it is that blinds the eye and blunts the heart.

"Service, being the motto of the new order, will not halt at sacrifice, which is the second law of the everlasting; and these two being joined in holy compact will have their final base in the law of love, the most fundamental of all, because it vitalizes, energizes, and sanctifies the whole. Hence, the standard is that of the Son of God. He is to be the Savior of society, the Savior of the state and nation and world, as well as the Savior of the individual.

"Your attempted Hague Tribunal was a timely effort to launch the new era without such ruthless waste of men and money, but it failed because the rough, on-moving wheels of German Miss Education could not be turned from their deep-cut grooves; and even pleading then its right of might to plunge human life into the maelstrom of war at the behest of money lords ready to finance the scheme for profit at the sacrifice of any number of other men's sons and billions of hard-earned dollars, only because that 'deep in the German heart must live the joy of battle and the longing for it.'

"But, My Son, the now is near at hand when all will fully understand that this old-born egregious

brand must go from every land; and let the wheel of human progress forward move again. Its very hub and every spoke vibrates with the accumulated power of centuries. Great and mighty nations are putting their shoulders to it, and although some may have to backward step and play for time, while others come across the guarded way; yet come they will, and fill the line that transforms darkness into day. And thus everything that has stood in the way of God's purpose of peace and good will to men shall be ground to dust.

"There is, therefore, nothing to discourage or dismay in what you see going on; nothing more than might have been expected by those who knew the conditions, and believe in God's word. So far from this struggle being any disproof of God's moral government, it is the most convincing demonstration the world has ever had of the inexorableness of his law and the inevitableness of the consequences following its violation. Once again, God is calling in awful tones: 'Earth, Earth, O Earth, hear the word of the Lord.' And by this most terrible example in all history he is teaching men and nations his final lesson, that the only sure and abiding ground of peace and prosperity is that standard of justice between nations and brotherhood among men set forth by the Son of God.

"My Son, be ashamed, but not astonished, when I tell you it has taken nearly nineteen hundred years to get the world ready to give Christianity a trial. Men have professed to believe in such, but they have practised the reverse, and they are reaping what they have sown. They have dotted the earth with

institutions of learning over which that German extract dispenser of Miss Education has reigned supreme, until we've reached a stage of deep-dyed guilt and shame, enough to make demons blush at mention of the name.

"It is not Christianity that has failed; Christianity has never been tried. If thou art so blind and deaf, also be mute; it is your wild Miss Education substitute, unloading its crop of ripe and putrid fruit that Ails the World. Be mute, thou brute. An education that puts the bottle to its neighbor's lips, and sends blasphemers to do its legislations, will stampede the funnels of bottomless pits with wrecked and ruined nations."

This paragraph poured forth in a torrent of holy indignation that was appalling. Every syllable quivered like an arrow from the bow of injured justice, and left its mark in the heart of wounded pride.

And now, turning more directly to the program for the new order of things in the new age that is soon to come, the Son of Time said:

"The first thing to be definitely settled upon is the New Education. This being properly determined, the rest will naturally follow. Of course, there will be variety in minor features, but there must be a fixed standard of essentials, and all the nations uniting in the new federation should send their best and wisest men to formulate its ideals.

"Many are saying, there must be a standard of gold, a standard of silver, and a standard of many other products; but, My Son, these are like the tenth of mint and rue compared to the weightier matter

of education. And your Standard will have to come into action a little further back than many have thought. By far the larger portion of your education is conducted by unwilling and incompetent teachers, under whose training in many instances children have come by 'accident' (mercy on us), neither sought nor welcomed. Their training moves, if it moves at all, in uneven, inconsistent waves, under the direction of impulse, and not according to any settled standard of quality or method; and thus the first six or seven years of the child's training is of whatever haphazard kind that may happen to hazard the life of the child, society, and the world.

"If the state aspires to the supervision of education, then it must qualify itself by a profession of faith in the Son of God, and an acceptance of the standard which He set, and thus be capable of assuming responsibility for the disposition of those it teaches. Evidently this would be the best plan, and the only plan to secure unanimity of standard and authority to carry it out. This would not at all interfere with the work of denominational institutions which, theoretically, have always contended for this standard, but whose real work has been much hampered by the so-called 'broader view' of the popular Miss Education.

"This will involve not only the supervision of what is taught in schoolhouses and colleges, and the cleaning up of present-day garbage that is being pitchforked down the intellectual gullet of helpless children, but it will also devise some plan for standardizing and supervising what is inculcated in

the home and imbibed from society; because, any atmosphere of disloyalty to sacred ideas is just as dangerous in times of peace as in times of war, and in some instances even more dangerous, because of the unrestricted course it may run.

"And now, My Son, if there be some blind leaders of the blind who say, education is not salvation; then say; Nay, verily; not such as you have had, even the Miss Education that says: 'We have nothing to do with that.' That is What Ails the World. But the standard of which I speak includes that doctrine as its very heart and center; even the doctrine of repentance for sin, faith in the Redeemer, and consecration to a worthy life long before it has been spent in waste; for how can it be consecrated after it is gone?

"Therefore, your state, church, and society will find that they must agree to this standard of education, and co-operate with each other to bring up the child in the way he should go, by the embedding of such ideas and principles as are safe and worthy, and when he is older he will not depart from it; and in this way, and in no other way, can Democracy or any other 'ocracy' be made safe for the world. So, along with your laudable desire and purpose to make the world safe for Democracy, you must not overlook the still more important task of making Democracy safe for the world.

"The religious faith of the future will include a greatness of scope and application which the old does not contain. It will renounce the false philosophy of an education that seeks to develop and train whatever it may find in the mind, and set itself to the

task of uprooting dangerous and distorted ideas and tendencies, like one who deals with thorns and fallow ground; then it will proceed to plant and cultivate the seed that's sane and sound. It will come at last to believe in the only true doctrine of real progress by evolution, and that the Redeemer knew what he meant when he said: Ye must be born again; and this must apply to kingdoms and principalities, as well as to individuals.

"And thus, My Son, it shall come to pass, that out of the chaos and inferno of the earth that now is, shall come the new earth that is to be—purged and purified by the fires of remorse and shame and repentance; and the oppression, selfishness, and waste of autocratic militarism shall be done away forever and forever; and the nations shall make their confessions and plight their faith in the federation of a government of the nations, by the nations, and for the nations, with a supreme tribunal to which shall be submitted all international questions, and with a standing police force, the expense of which is prorated to each nation according to the services required.

"The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow unto it. And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob: and He will teach us of His ways, and we will walk in His paths: for out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. And He shall judge among the nations, and shall rebuke many people;

and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. O house of Jacob, come ye, and let us walk in the light of the Lord." (Isaiah 2.)

"This, My Son, is to be the happy and glorious culmination. To this end God is moving among the nations. Clouds and darkness are around about Him, and many dread the thunder of His footfall (and seek to hide themselves from the lightnings of His power) as He goes here and there gathering up His silver and His gold; but His purposes shall ripen fast, unfolding every hour; the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower.

"Then shall the wilderness and the solitary place be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose, and instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

> "And the war-drums throb no longer,
> And the battle flags be furled—
> In the Parliament of Man,
> The Federation of the World."

And so saying, the Son of Time departed.

## "IS OUR PRESENT-DAY CHRISTIANITY GOING TO BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR OUR BOYS WHEN THEY COME BACK?"

In the *Advocate* of May 9, Brother Featherston placed this timely interrogation point on the board before our eyes and hearts; then, in the issue of May 23, Dr. J. L. Stokes, with gentle, cautious strokes and kindly hand, surveys the holy ground which none must dare invade, nor venture there to stand, but I can not be quite content with so much of that interrogation point still left on the board.

"Is our present-day Christianity?"—namely: the Christianity under which these boys were born and brought up, the Christianity of the past thirty years—is it going to be good enough for our boys when they come back? I answer most positively and emphatically, *no*. And for the simple reason that it was not good enough for them before they went off; therefore, it will not be near good enough for them when they return.

The boy who is permitted to come back will have learned by that time to see things as he never has seen them before. By that time he will have learned that the standard of education and the so-called Christianity which undertook to legalize the manufacture and sale of liquor for profit was a stupid pretense and a blind mockery. By that time he will have learned that the standard of education, public sentiment, and so-called Christianity which filled

legislative halls with drunkards, blasphemers, and grafters, is the same so-called Christianity and pernicious education that is now choking the funnels of bottomless pits with the wreck and ruin of disintegrating kingdoms.

By that time he will have no particular quarrel with "form, ritual, creed, or theology" either. Far better it would be for some if they had such falling "rocks and mountains" under which to hide, but the awful fact is, there is no scapegoat like that to bear the blame and shame of those through whose deliberate hypocrisy all this suffering has come upon the world. The boy will then understand that the father who prayed one way on Sunday and voted the other way on Tuesday, was a contemptible hypocrite, giving the lie to his own prayers.

No, no, this war will "not break the continuity of Christian thought," but it will link Christian thought with corresponding Christian action. It will not open another "fountain for sin and uncleanness," but it will send us to the One already opened, and all stiff-necked, autocratic ungodliness shall be done away. These boys, when they come back, will even change the autocratic rule under which chairmanships in congress are entailed upon unworthy and incompetent men. They will down with autocracy everywhere. They will see by that time, that before pronouncing Christianity a failure, it would be better to give it a trial first. This will be the bold venture of the new age, when the boys come back home.

And now, fully conscious of many imperfections which critics may find in this book, hurriedly

written under strenuous conditions; but sincerely believing it contains a message for this strange time, and hoping to have the co-operation of those to whom it comes in giving it wider circulation, I close with these lines found in the pocket of a young Australian who fell in the trenches at Gallipoli, evidently penciled by him just before he lost his life in the cause for which he fought and died; and while his name may never be known, his vision must live forever:

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,
And know that out of death and night shall rise
The dawn of ampler life;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend the heart,
That God has given you a priceless dower—
To live in these great times, and have your part
In freedom's crowning hour;

That ye may tell your sons who see the light
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight,
I saw the morning break."

## WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Publishers tell us that, unless there is a change in public sentiment, the moving picture show and the daily newspaper will soon banish books from the market, or force the few that survive to sell at enormous prices. Perhaps not one book in a thousand ever pays the expense of publishing; and yet, no one can estimate the value of a good book. One reason why many are never read extensively is because people do not know about them.

When a moving picture, good or bad, is put on the market, it is telling its story to millions in less than a week, because there is a plan for its distribution. Many would gladly buy and read a good book if they only knew about it. But how shall they know of it, and know it is worth reading? Many say: "Advertise it," but listen:

I once paid sixteen dollars for an Ad. and received fifteen cents in return for a book I offered. The purchaser wrote me later that he would not take ten dollars for it. Of course, I appreciated his letter; but just suppose he had sent it to some friend, who in turn had mentioned it to *his* friend, etc., then I might not have lost the $15.85 I spent for advertising; and all might have been profited by reading the book.

I regret that high prices make it necessary to sell this book at $1.50, but instead of depending on advertising in the usual way, I offer this plan to aid in its circulation: In writing to your friends, please enclose one of the coupons found elsewhere, to those who you think would appreciate having the book at this low price. Then they can fill them out, and enclose one dollar with each for a cloth-bound copy of "What Ails the World," postpaid.

In this way, many would find out about the book, and save fifty cents on the price by sending direct to Mahaffey Publishers, York, S. C., and thus you will be helping the world to understand what ails it, as well as aiding your friends and the publishers in applying the remedy. Additional coupons will be furnished on application.

# Presents for Your Friends

Perhaps you will write a letter to six of your friends in the next thirty days. If this book has helped you to a better understanding of the subjects presented, please cut out and enclose one of the following COUPONS to such as you think would like to have it, adding any word you wish, and thus aid the author in an honest endeavor to carry out the purpose of its publication.

Use your judgment in sending or handing them out, but be sure to start them going as soon as you can. You will thus favor your friends, help the cause of truth, and greatly oblige

*The Author and Publisher*

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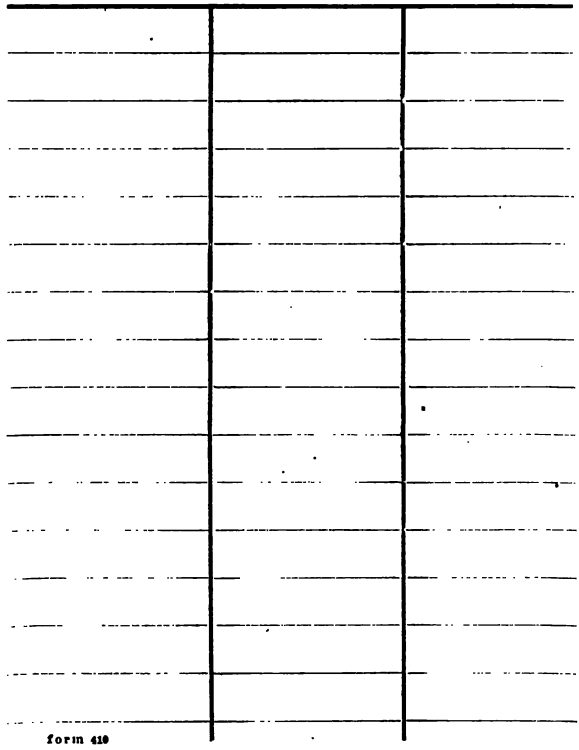
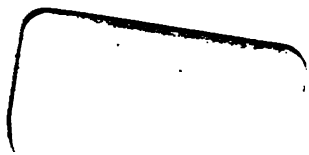
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